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THE DICKENSIAN

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE FOR DICKENS LOVERS

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AND OTHER ARTICLES

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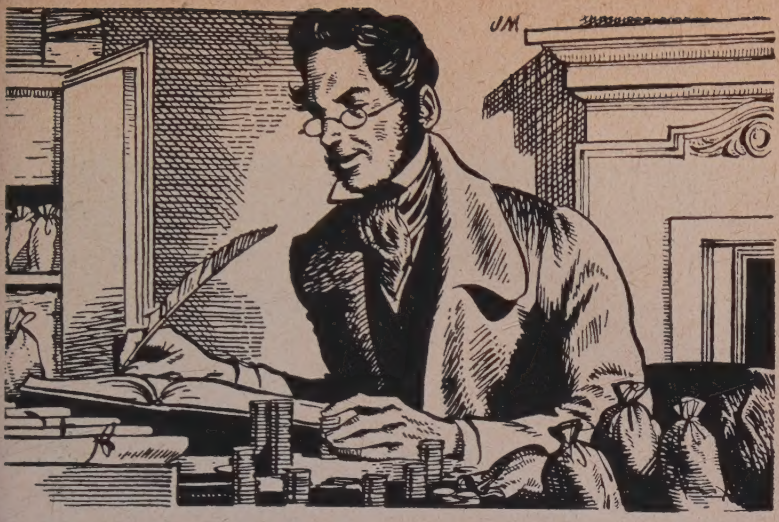

THE LONDON BANKER

The squeaking of a quill pen . . . spluttering radiance of the newly-invented gas-light . . . the soft, heavy clink of gold coinage . . . from outside, the clatter of hooves on a cobbled street . . . *an office of the London and Westminster Bank in the 1830's.*

THE TEMPO of business was slower, in an age which knew neither telephones nor typewriters—when the invitation to enjoy the 'hospitality of the Manager' was the normal conclusion to a successful transaction. These early days in the Bank's history now seem incredibly remote. Yet throughout the intervening years, which brought greater changes than did those of any previous century, the policy of the Westminster Bank has marched with the times; it aims to provide a complete banking service, based on the highest traditions of integrity and fair dealing.

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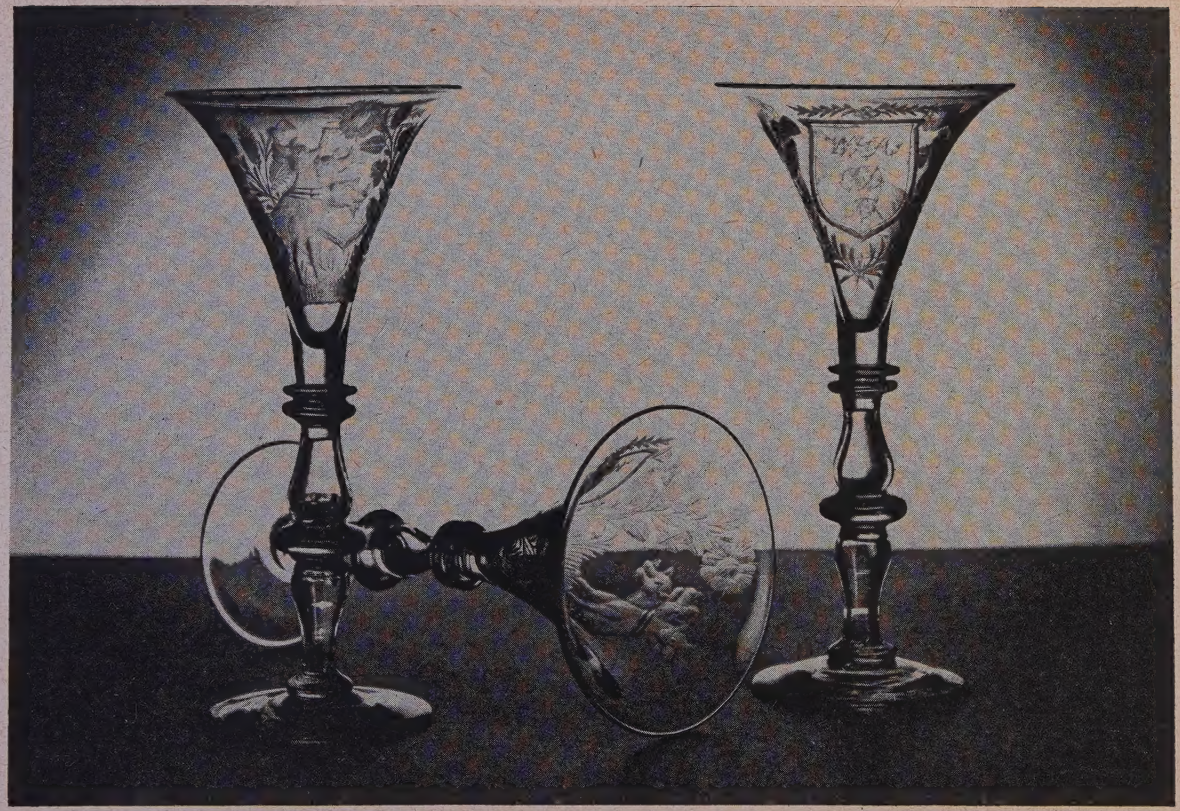

"Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart.
Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry, and your new year a happy one."

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WHEN FOUND—

BUT my song I'll troll out, for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold ;
A bumper I'll drain and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old !
We'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart.
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part.

Pickwick Papers.

* * * * *

The Cerberus Club. Our frontispiece illustrates goblets from which Dickens himself "drained bumpers." They were specially designed and engraved for the Cerberus Club of which the only members were Charles Dickens, John Forster, and Wm. Harrison Ainsworth. In addition to Cerberus heads the initials of the three members form part of the design. They are now in the possession of Major Philip Charles Dickens by whose kindness we are able to reproduce them. Little about the club appears to be known but reference to dates on which it met will be found in Dickens's brief attempt at a diary in 1838.

* * * * *

Dickens's Letters. The most important piece of news to be recorded in these notes for a very long while is that work has begun upon a new edition of the Letters of Charles Dickens. Since the three volume edition edited by Walter Dexter and published by the Nonesuch Press in 1938, a great many more letters have come to light in this country and in America, and an attempt will be made to include them all. The publishers are Messrs. Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd., and the editor (from whom a letter will be found on page 55) is Humphry House, who secured an abiding place for himself in Dickensian scholarship with his fine book *The Dickens World*, in 1941. Mr. Dexter's volumes have only been available to purchasers of the complete Nonesuch Dickens, so that the new edition should have a great welcome. Obviously, the work entailed is formidable and publication cannot be expected for a considerable time. The *Nonesuch Letters* were rightly hailed as the most important contribution to Dickensian lore since Forster's *Life*, and the new edition will be even more important than its predecessor.

* * * * *

Dr. Edgar Johnson Many of the countless reviews of the latest *Life of Dickens* have contained expressions of surprise that Mr. Hesketh Pearson should have chosen that subject for his newest biography after the popular acclaim won by the work of Dame Una Pope-Hennessy. But there are several others to come and we risk assuming the rôle of prophet to express the opinion that that now being prepared by Dr. Edgar Johnson will, in many respects, be

one of the most important for a great many years. Firm in that belief, it is with great pride that we publish in this issue the first part of an article from his pen which, in one direction, takes our knowledge of Dickens considerably further than it has hitherto reached. Professor Johnson is Chairman of the Department of English in the College of the City of New York.

* * * * *

Broadstairs Dickens Festival. Contrary to all recent experience the annual Dickens Festival at Broadstairs was held in October in truly lamentable weather. The fact that it will linger even longer in the memory than others we have been fortunate enough to attend, is due to the excellence of the dramatic production of *David Copperfield* which was staged at the Playhouse, for four performances, in a version by Gladys Waterer who excelled herself by preparing an adaptation which ran even more smoothly and skilfully than its predecessors. She was ably supported by a large company of players, among whom the level of talent displayed was so high as to render invidious any mention of individual performances. Never have we witnessed a finer amateur-dramatic production of a Dickens novel and the long performance seemed to take only a few minutes. The play ended with the unmasking of Uriah Heep but we would willingly have remained to see the remainder of the book represented even though we should have been in our seats till midnight. In addition to the play, there were lectures, motor-coach excursions and a ball to finish with. At the opening meeting great interest was aroused when Dr. Hugh Raven, the President of the Broadstairs Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, announced that he had been presented with Dickens's travelling writing desk by Mrs. W. T. Spencer.

* * * * *

In the City. This winter will see Mr. Pickwick once more " suspended at the George and Vulture " in Lombard Street. There the City Pickwick Club is to resume its meetings which were interrupted by the war. Until 1939 the members, each one of whom is known by the name of a character in the beloved book, met in Mr. Pickwick's old inn, to dine in an atmosphere of good fellowship. The dinners used to be of authentic Pickwickian standards, but will now, of course, have to comply with prevailing regulations.

* * * * *

Farther West. Another hostelry of more recent date, Carr's Restaurant in the Strand, is shortly to reopen its beautiful panelled Dickens Room. It is now adorned with admirable pictures of some London scenes in the novels, the work of Mr. Norman Mansbridge, the well-known *Punch* artist. The freshness of treatment is delightful. Oliver Twist is shown watching the Dodger at work, not, tactfully enough, asking for more.

* * * * *

Houses for Sale. The celebrated house at Broadstairs, known as Bleak House, in which Dickens spent several holidays and in which he wrote a considerable part of *David Copperfield*, was offered for sale at public auction in November but was withdrawn at £13,500. It is anticipated that it will be purchased privately and again be used as a private residence. Another holiday home of the author, Elm Lodge, Petersham, where parts of *Nicholas Nickleby* were written, has also been offered at auction. It was withdrawn at £8,500.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS AND PICKWICK'S DREAM

By J. H. McNulty.

THE kindly nature of Mr. Pickwick, as every reader knows, invited confidences, and so it was that strangers and others would often tell him their stories, ask his advice, and offer him manuscripts for his perusal. It was not, therefore, surprising or in the least unusual that a few days before Christmas, when he was out shopping in the midst of the usual crowd that is to be found on such occasions, a stranger addressed him.

"I suppose you are buying presents for Christmas?"

"Yes, I am," he answered, "a pleasant, but not always an easy task."

page 296

Christmas in Mr. Pickwick's Day.

"If you had lived a few years later," replied the stranger, "you would have been saved the trouble of making such purchases."

"How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Pickwick.

"Christmas will disappear very soon, in a few years' time at the most."

"I think not," said Mr. Pickwick, "in fact I'm sure not, many things may go but not Christmas, I'm certain of that."

"We shall see, if we live long enough," continued the stranger. "I do not say that I rejoice at the prospect, but one cannot be blind to the signs of the times, the logic of facts points to one inevitable conclusion, but this is not the place to argue. May I offer you this paper? You can read it at your leisure."

He handed Mr. Pickwick a small roll with the words, "Don't trouble to return it." Mr. Pickwick would have found this difficult, for as he spoke, the man disappeared, and was lost to sight in the crowd of shoppers. Mr. Pickwick placed the manuscript in his pocket, made his purchases and returned home.

That afternoon he travelled to Dingley Dell, and it was not until the evening of the following day, Christmas Eve, that he gave a thought to the paper given to him by the stranger.

The night was stormy and as he sat before his bedroom fire he listened to the rain, driven by the rising gale, beating against the window. The tattoo of the rain and the whining of the wind seemed a fitting accompaniment to the reading of the document bearing the sinister title "The Last Christmas."

In the year 19—, but I will not be more precise, the reorganisation of the world was almost complete, only the finishing touches were needed. Each country, except the very backward ones, had been completely planned and the plans were working well. Year by year more and more reforms had been introduced and now throughout Europe and part of the East the whole state of the world had undergone a complete alteration. Indeed, if the Reformers had taken to heart the words of Hamlet, the hero of an almost forgotten play, "Reform it altogether," they could not have done their work more thoroughly. Food was carefully rationed, and regulated according to the amount of physical or mental energy required by the nature of the work on which the person was engaged. Thus a man or woman engaged in hard manual labour would receive more than one whose job was of a purely sedentary nature. It was, however, fully recognised that anyone engaged on mental work, such as administrative duties and all high Government Officials must have a different kind of nourishment, not necessarily of a more sustaining nature, but of a superior kind and quality, and of a more delicate flavour. As officials in every country were very numerous this meant that a very large proportion of the people, perhaps in some cases even a majority, were well fed with pleasant and tasty food.

Clothes were carefully regulated according to the various sections of society and sumptuary laws were in full force. It had long since been recognised that a classless society was a dream of idealistic dreamers, as was also the idea of equality of incomes. It was a practical world, not one of fantastic idealists. The amount of new clothing was regulated to the needs of each, and was generally of a strictly utilitarian nature. Important officials were, of course, not subject to these regulations. Every Trade and Profession had its Union, sometimes called a Guild. But the word meant something very different from the Medieval Guilds, for these modern guilds had no connection with religion.

Separate and private houses were comparatively rare, and the people were mostly housed in gigantic blocks of flats, and in these flats no

animal pets might be kept. It would in any case be very difficult and unhygienic to keep such pets, and it was strictly forbidden. It must not, however, be supposed that the art of Architecture was dead, or even in decline. This certainly was not so ; and the houses of Government Officials were often fine specimens of the architectural art. Palaces they might be called except that the word is redolent of Royalty, a remnant of a bygone age. This was the pattern of the whole civilised world.

Wages were high, though the amount passed from the State to the employee was small. After the deductions for food, clothing, schooling for children, medical attention, insurance and rent, and, of course, Income Tax, not very much was left. A man earning, say, £50 a month, would receive perhaps £3 or £4, but he was well off for his expenses were all paid.

One language was spoken throughout the world, except in some out of the way places where people preferred their native speech, but this was not likely to be tolerated much longer. Thus the treasures of Literature were open to all, without the often futile labour of trying to learn a foreign language. This had been necessary before the Age of Reform ; now all was different.

Translators were engaged on more useful work.

Methods of election to Parliament had altered only in some small unimportant details. Most candidates were elected unopposed as the forfeiture of a very heavy deposit deterred all but those whose chances of election were not of the best from going to the Poll. The Election was free but defeat was ruinous so few but Government candidates came forward, and the method of counting and apportioning votes was so complicated that few but experts could understand it.

One necessary change had been postponed—the reform of the calendar. Meetings to obtain agreement had often ended in failure. The hoped-for Concert of Europe had often broken up in discord, and the Eastern nations had proved very stubborn.

Last year, agreement in principle had been reached and at a recent meeting complete accord had been achieved. With the New Year, now rapidly approaching, the New Calendar would come into force. This divided the year into twelve equal months of thirty days each, and the five days over would be divided among the four quarters, one at the end of each quarter and two at the end of the Summer, the favourite time for holidays. On these days, called Rest Days, carefully organised sports and amusements would be held, led by some Official or Minister, in which everyone, unless incapacitated by sickness or some physical inability, would be forced to take part ; but force was not likely to be necessary for the amusements would be varied and made attractive to all, and every taste be catered for.

The changed and Reformed Calendar would abolish Christmas. Christmas Day would not now fall on December 25th and the name, of course, would disappear from the almanac. This would be the last Christmas the world would see. The people would miss no celebrations for the last day of the year would be the Winter Rest Day. This was to be the last necessary reform and something like the millennium would have arrived. No work, no overtime, no unemployment, and nothing lost except what used to be called " freedom," which few possessed, and no one enjoyed. And there was freedom, too, freedom from want, freedom from the fear of sickness, freedom from hunger and poverty, and freedom for any necessity for thinking.

A few protests there might be at the disappearance of Christmas, but precautions had been taken and soon all would be happy in the best of all possible worlds.

" Well," said Mr. Pickwick, " I once read what was called ' A Madman's Manuscript.' I hope the man who wrote this was also mad."

With this pious thought, Mr. Pickwick undressed and got into bed where he fell fast asleep.

And while he slept a strange dream came to him. Dreams go by contraries and the nature of what he had just read may in part account for the nature of his dream.

He was walking, so it seemed, through the streets of London, much changed, it is true, but in many places still recognisable, though very different from the London he once knew. He was, he thought, somewhere in Holborn, and looking round for some place he remembered, he saw a street with the brave and valiant title of " Doughty," a good name undoubtedly. He had often heard of a doughty warrior, but a doughty street he had never heard of that. Beyond the meaning of the word, it conveyed nothing to him. However, it looked a pleasant sort of place, the houses were solid and well-built and not aggressively modern ; he turned down it. The door of one house was open and seemed to invite him to enter. He did so, walked along the passage and descended to the basement, when, to his delight and amazement, he found himself in the parlour of Dingley Dell.

" But Dingley Dell is in Kent ! " he cried, " and this is London."

Here, in the heart of the great City, was an exact copy of the well-loved room where he had spent so many happy days. He did not recognise any of the people seated at the table, but they seemed very pleasant, and they were discussing the details of a Christmas Party, so their hearts must be in the right place. He wished to stay, but suddenly the scene changed. He was now in a great Hall brilliantly lighted and delightfully decorated, filled with people he felt he ought to know, but could not quite make up his mind. They wore the clothes his friends wore, but their faces were not the same. Here was Wardle, perfectly dressed, but his face was different, and here was Sam, every detail of dress exact, but again the face was wrong. It was not Sam. And here was a replica of himself, there was some facial resemblance here and perfect clothes. It might have been his brother, if he had had one. He recognised many other friends but there was always a difference. He spoke to several of them and thought they looked pleased, but he forgot that dream voices are inaudible to any but the speaker. Then he saw that these were the same people, at least, some of them, that he had seen at the London Dingley Dell, and this must be the Christmas Party he had heard them discussing.

After this it seemed that he went for a long sea journey, he passed across a waste of dark and stormy waters and suddenly he was attending a great banquet where there were magnificent Christmas puddings, mince pies as fragrant as flowers and as beautiful. There were great joints of meat, plenty of game and poultry, and all the people were wishing each other A Happy Christmas. He was not in England, yet they were all talking English, but the accent was different. The sentiments were the same as he had heard in London, and outside the snow was deep, much deeper than he had ever seen at home. Then, suddenly, there was a complete change. It was now high summer, and he was present at another banquet. The assembled guests were speaking English, but again the accent was different, yet the sentiments were the same. He visited many other countries where Christmas was being celebrated. He entered crowded churches and saw various representations of the scene at Bethlehem. He heard many carols, he could not understand the words but the singing and the tunes were very beautiful.

Then once more he was back in England. The shops were crowded with people, buying Christmas presents. At a book-shop where the crowd was particularly dense, though, he, of course, was not in the

least inconvenienced by it, he looked at the books which were being purchased and to his surprise and delight found a volume about himself and his friends.

"I always read *Pickwick* at Christmas," said a man, "and this is a nice new edition of it." He heard greetings between people wishing each other "A Merry Christmas." One greeting that he heard grated on him badly: "All the best," and the reply, "The same to you." He could not approve of the abbreviated form of greeting this "verbal shorthand" as it were, but no doubt they meant well and that after all, he supposed, was the main thing.

Many were buying cards with beautiful Christmas scenes on them. A picture of Dingley Dell, of Wardle and of himself pleased him immensely, to be associated in any way with that cheerful and holy season was a great happiness, and with this comforting thought he passed into a dreamless sleep.

When at last he awoke, it was to find the winter sun trying to pierce the frost-covered window panes. The rain had changed to snow during the night, and now the earth was wearing her winter dress of purest white, and the sky was of tender blue.

He spent the morning visiting old friends and after dinner read to the assembled company the stranger's manuscript, and then told them, as far as he could remember it, his strange dream.

All agreed that the "Last Christmas" was nonsense. No people would ever allow themselves to be so ruled and regulated.

"My dear fellow," said Wardle, "if your dream comes true, we must be far more important people than we think we are. If at some distant date we have reached such eminence, which I doubt, Christmas will still be celebrated, I am certain; so far your dream is true, and this is entirely so." And, opening an envelope, he took out a paper and read:

BALLADE OF CHRISTMAS.

Now days are short and nights grow long,
With gloomy clouds o'er lawn and lea,
And silent all the woods among
The birds' sweet summer minstrelsy.
On every gaunt and leafless tree
The frost and snow, in Winter's dearth,
Have hung their fair embroidery,
And Christmas dawns upon the earth.

Now merry thoughts come in a throng
To every heart on land or sea,
And happy bells ring faint or strong,
But sorrow dims and clouds our glee.
Half sad, half glad our hearts, yet we
Strive to make grief give place to mirth
Knowing this Night's sweet mystery,
When Christmas comes again to earth.

However great the world's deep wrong,
However black earth's misery,
We listen for the Angels' Song.
For some faint echo patiently:—
"Glory to God and let there be
Peace to all men." The holy birth
Tonight gives Hope the mastery,
And Christmas comes again to earth.

Envoi.

Fair, gracious, holy trinity
We learn tonight your mighty worth
Faith, Hope, and greatest, Charity
When Christmas comes again to earth.

DICKENS CLASHES WITH HIS PUBLISHER

By Edgar Johnson.

Adapted from a forthcoming Biography
CHARLES DICKENS: HIS TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH

I

[This article is largely based upon unpublished material in the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made for permission to quote from it. Thanks are also due to the Pierpont Morgan Library for the use of unpublished material in its collection.]

WHEN Charles Dickens and the publisher Richard Bentley met in March, 1836, they became warm friends almost at once. Dickens was a smart young newspaper reporter beginning to try his wings as an author. He had been an office-boy to a solicitor, a shorthand writer in the courts of Doctors' Commons, then, while still in his early twenties, an outstanding figure in the reporters' gallery at the House of Commons. Now, at twenty-four, he was a star reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, writing up his notes in a plunging coach as he dashed back to London from important political meetings. His first book, *Sketches by Boz*, had just been published and was achieving a modest literary success.

Dickens was eager to rise as a writer and happy to cement an acquaintance that might further his career. Nothing in his circumstances or his amiable encounter with the publisher suggested that four years later Dickens would be the most famous novelist of the day, or that their relationship would move through the stormiest wranglings to a bitter crisis. Nor was there any hint of how Dickens's determination and sense of power would be sharpened by the conflict.

Right up to the present time that conflict has generated sharp disagreements about Dickens's character and much violent criticism of his conduct. His friend and first biographer, John Forster, had given an unduly favourable picture in a curtailed and over-simplified account of the struggle. Against this partisanship a number of later biographers revolted by painting Dickens in dark colours of unscrupulousness and greed.

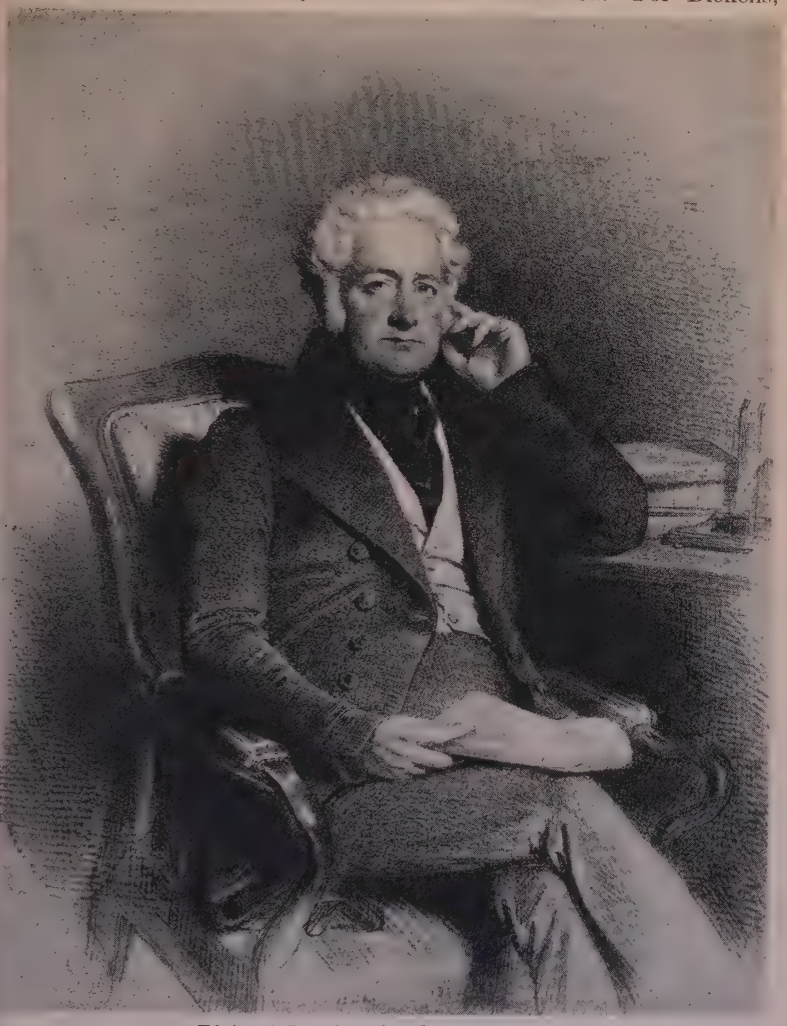
But the detailed materials for an accurate appraisal of his behaviour have only recently become generally available to scholars. These letters, documents, and contracts now provide a bulk of previously unknown facts that not only enable us to chart the complicated course of the dispute; they reveal where the truth lies among the various biographical extremes. They show the reasons for the distorted emotion with which Dickens came to look on Bentley. And they make it at last clear that Dickens's furious bitterness arose from irritations much more complex than mere resentment at having made a bad bargain.

The New Burlington Street publisher, a short, pink-faced man with bristling hair and huge whiskers, was a fluent talker who exuded a warm *bonhomie*. He and Henry Colburn had recently dissolved their partnership, they were furious rivals, and Bentley was on the alert for new talent. He was a clever and daring business man, and within two months had decided that Dickens was a rising figure.

The evidence on which Bentley based this judgment was of the slenderest. Dickens had come to the attention of the young publishing house of Chapman and Hall, who wanted someone to write a monthly comic script accompanying the etchings of the popular caricaturist Robert Seymour. It was a hack job for which they offered £14 a month. Dickens wanted to get married, and found the addition to his salary tempting. The first number appeared at the end of March, and

for some five months the modest enterprise, entitled *The Pickwick Papers*, tottered on the verge of failure.

Nevertheless, Bentley was convinced of the young author's promise. He therefore made a proposal in May which he said Dickens considered liberal. But unfortunately he had been forestalled. For Dickens,



Richard Bentley, by C. Baugnier, 1854
Dickens House Collection

discouraged by the tepid reception of *Pickwick*, had just signed an agreement with John Macrone, the publisher of the *Sketches*, to write for £200 a three-volume novel to be entitled *Gabriel Vardon, the Locksmith of London.*

Dickens must also have been sorry, for he secured, or believed he secured, a release from Macrone. By this time the fifth number of *Pickwick* had scored a hit with the appearance of Sam Weller and its fortunes had decisively turned the corner. Before long it was selling forty thousand copies an issue. On hearing from Dickens around the

middle of August that he now had no commitments, Bentley promptly offered to buy the entire copyright of *two* novels of undetermined titles and subject-matter and with no time-limit specified for their delivery for the sum of £400 each.

Dickens was shrewdly aware of his soaring market value. Friends advised him, he wrote Bentley, that he should demand £500. He did not feel the additional sum unreasonable in view of " the rapid sale of everything I have yet touched " and " the anxiety I should feel to make it a work on which I might build my fame . . . You are dealing with an author not quite unknown but who, so far as he has gone, has been most successful."* This striking confidence in future fame on the part of a young man just tasting his first triumph was shared by Bentley, who agreed to the increase. In the fifteen amazing weeks since he had contracted with Macrone to do *Gabriel Vardon* for £200, Dickens's skyrocketing literary prestige had won him more than double that sum and the most flexible conditions.

At the end of October, Bentley made a further proposition. He planned to establish a new magazine and asked Dickens to assume the editorship. He offered Dickens liberal terms—£20 a month and another twenty guineas for contributing sixteen pages to each month's issue, the copyright of which was to belong to Bentley. (Dickens was then only receiving £25 a month for *Pickwick !*) This magazine agreement was unconnected with the novel contract except for the provision that at the conclusion of *Pickwick* Dickens might write another novel for Chapman and Hall, instead of being pledged to give his very next two to Bentley. Signed in November, it was for one year, renewable at Bentley's option for another three. After resigning from the *Morning Chronicle* (where he had remained even after the spectacular success of *Pickwick*), Dickens flung himself into the task of lining up contributors and writing his opening article.

His association with Bentley speedily ripened into the warmest friendship. The publisher inaugurated a series of literary dinners in the " red room " of his offices. Here Dickens met for the first time many of their contributors who were friends of Bentley's, and deepened his acquaintance with others. After one of these evenings he wrote Bentley, " I kept very quiet, purposely. Since I have been a successful author, I have seen how much ill-will and jealousy there is afloat, and have acquired an excellent character as a quiet, modest fellow. I like to assume a virtue, though I have it not ; it has served me with a subject more than once."† Bentley was delighted with his new editor and proposed him for membership in the Garrick Club, to which he was elected early in January.

Bentley's Miscellany was a success, almost from its first appearance in that same month. It was a cheerful magazine of humorous tales and articles, lively and sometimes melodramatic biographical sketches, ghost and adventure stories, light verse, facetiæ, and even an occasional brief dramatic farce. Dickens worked at his editorial duties with unbelievable energy, keeping an eye on the illustrations, sending replies to all contributors, and to promising ones detailed criticisms as well as friendly praise. And into his own new story, *Oliver Twist*, beginning in the February number, he wrote Bentley, " I have thrown my whole heart and soul . . . and most confidently believe he will make a feature in the work . . ."‡

By July, however, their relations were no longer as amicable as they had first been. Macrone had threatened to bring out *Sketches by Boz*

* Unpublished letter, C.D. to Richard Bentley, " Wednesday Evening" (August 17th, 1836). [*Note.*—All unpublished letters referred to, unless given as from some other source, are in the Berg Collection.]

† Unpublished letter, C.D. to R. Bentley (December 5th, 1836 ?)

‡ Unpublished letter, C.D. to R. Bentley " Tuesday Morning " (January 24th, 1837 ?)

in periodical form with green covers exactly imitative of *Pickwick*. Dickens had had to buy him off by paying £2,250 to get back the copyright. But Bentley had made the negotiations more involved by suggesting to Macrone that he might purchase them himself. And his behaviour, Dickens felt, had stiffened Macrone's demands by giving him exaggerated notions of the price he might obtain.

In addition, editor and publisher disagreed about the conduct of the *Miscellany*. Bentley had the right of vetoing any article, but aside from this Dickens was supposed to be in complete charge. His inexperience and his limited literary acquaintance at that time, however, had led Bentley to solicit contributions from his own friends, and the two men had developed the practice of settling the contents of the magazine in an informal editorial discussion. Nevertheless, Dickens did not regard this procedure as in any way surrendering his own editorial powers.

Differences began over their financial arrangements. The *Miscellany's* popularity had led to a revision of the original agreement as early as that March. Bentley desired the right to retain Dickens as editor for another five years instead of three, and, if he so nominated, for five beyond that. He also wanted the exclusive use of Dickens's periodical writings, aside from the successor to *Pickwick* which he had already agreed might be written for Chapman and Hall, and he offered Dickens an additional £10 monthly for every thousand by which the magazine's circulation exceeded six thousand.

To Dickens these terms did not compensate for his abstention for so long a period from any other periodical writing. He proposed that the renewal clause for a second five years be omitted, that he be given £250 or twelve months' notice if Bentley decided to discontinue the magazine, and that his salary be regularly increased on the publication of the 6th, 12th, 24th, and 36th numbers.* After consultation with his friend and adviser John Forster, he accepted a compromise. Bentley was to have the options on his services. Dickens was to have the notice or £250, but half of this was to be a set-off against the novels. And his increases would be £10 for the first additional thousand of monthly circulation and £5 for each further five hundred. Dickens was pleased by the new agreement, he wrote Bentley, and regretted their misunderstanding.†

However, the terms on which Bentley was to have the two novels were not affected. And soon Forster came to suspect that they had been disposed of too hastily. Dickens reluctantly confessed that Bentley had the second novel on the same terms as the first. "This is a bad look-out but *n'importe* we will try and mend it."‡ He even perceived a bright side to the situation. Bentley had often expressed his earnest desire to be liberal. Surely when his growing popularity was taken into account, Bentley would concede the justice of changes.

They met with complete friendliness in New Burlington Street, and Bentley urged Dickens to state his views. Dickens had no definite proposition to offer. Bentley suggested that Dickens visit him at Brighton when he had further considered the matter. But Dickens was so behind in his work that he could not leave London even for a day. Therefore he wrote to Bentley proposing that he increase to £600 the sum to be paid for permission to publish three thousand copies (instead of the entire copyright) of *Barnaby Rudge*, the first of the novels. He further proposed that Bentley pay £700 for permission to publish the same number of *Oliver Twist*, which he now referred to as the second novel, deducting from that sum whatever had been paid for its

* Unpublished letter, C.D. to R. Bentley "Thursday" (March 9th, 1837 ?)
† Unpublished letter, C.D. to R. Bentley "Thursday Morning" (March 16th, 1837 ?)
‡ Nonesuch Letters, I, 118, C.D. to Forster.

appearance in the *Miscellany*. He declared that this was his "fixed conclusion," and that if Bentley invoked his "power to hold me to the old agreement . . . I shall abide by the strict letter of my agreement respecting the Miscellany, and arrange my future plans with reference to it, accordingly."*

Behind this implied threat may have lurked a realisation that Bentley would hardly consider his proposal "a fair and very reasonable one." For *Oliver Twist* was *not* the second novel he had agreed to write; it was part of the monthly sixteen pages he was to contribute to the *Miscellany*. In essence, Dickens was trying to make one literary work fulfil two separate agreements, and only conceding the deduction of the remuneration for its magazine publication.

Feeling swamped by his threefold labours of editing, finishing *Pickwick*, and writing *Oliver Twist*, he also pleaded for a respite, asking if it ". . . would hurt the Miscellany if (the announcement that I was about to begin a new tale therein, being meanwhile very conspicuously displayed) I wrote nothing in it for a number. I really see no other way of making a start with *Oliver*, for I no sooner get myself up, high and dry, to attack him manfully than up come the waves of each month's work, and drive me back again into a sea of manuscript."†

There is no record of Bentley's reply to this, but he said nothing about the modification of the novel agreements, for Dickens pressed for an answer. Bentley suggested that they meet again at New Burlington Street. At this meeting, he said, his own behaviour was friendly but Dickens was cold and restrained. Bentley pointed out that their agreement was mutually binding and that *he* could have obtained no reduction had Dickens's popularity declined, but expressed his willingness to *present* Dickens with the additional sums. For this, however, he insisted on the entire copyrights, as already agreed. Moreover, he refused to consider *Oliver Twist* as the second novel; it had now been running through five numbers of the *Miscellany* and the copyright of those published parts already belonged to him.‡

Dickens was much irritated. He threatened to stop writing the novel altogether. His object, Bentley thought, was to provoke an angry retort, but Bentley controlled himself, although holding firmly to his position. Dickens then suggested that Serjeant Talfourd arbitrate the dispute. Bentley objected that Talfourd was a friend of Dickens, and proposed that he should nominate a co-referee, to which Dickens agreed.

Instead of approaching Talfourd, Dickens appealed to his old friend Thomas Beard. Only to gain time, he said, Bentley wished "a friend of mine to meet a friend of his" for discussion. "I merely want to concede this to him for the sake of appearances without in the slightest degree departing from my point."§ But the "friend" Beard met in New Burlington Street was Bentley's solicitor, John Gregory. He feared he might injure Dickens without knowing it if he tried to deal with a man trained in legal minutiæ. He therefore indicated that he had power only to discuss, not to settle.

At his report Dickens blew up. As "the disinterested, unprejudiced, private friend whom you were to select with so much care—was no other than your own Solicitor," he wrote Bentley, any further direct communication between them would be unpleasant. He requested that his monthly remuneration and all correspondence about the *Miscellany* be sent him through some third party.‖

* Nonesuch Letters, I, 121, C.D. to R. Bentley, July 14th, 1837.
† Nonesuch Letters, I, 125, C.D. to R. Bentley, (Aug., 1837).
‡ R. Bentley: Retrospective Sketch.
§ Nonesuch Letters, I, 117, C.D. to Beard (erronously dated July, probably August 14th, 1837).
‖ Unpublished letter, C.D. to R. Bentley, August 18th, 1837.

This outburst Gregory interpreted as an effort to strengthen a feeble case by picking a quarrel. But "Mr. Boz" was a valuable editor. He must have no pretext for anger. He consequently advised Bentley to send a conciliatory letter offering to submit to arbitration by a mutually reliable friend.*

When Bentley called at Dickens's home in Doughty Street to give him his salary, he learned that he was on holiday at Broadstairs. He wrote saying that it was at the office and requesting an early meeting to confer about the next issue. Dickens made no reply but sent his brother for the money. About this time George Cruikshank, who did most of the illustrations for the *Miscellany*, informed Bentley that Dickens had told him there would be no instalment of *Oliver Twist* that month. Bentley again called fruitlessly at Doughty Street; a few days later he received a note declining to have any further communication with him except by letter.

Bentley became concerned lest Dickens was neglecting the *Miscellany* altogether. Stopping in at the printer's, he learned that without consulting him Dickens had sent in numerous papers to be set up in type. He confirmed the selection of almost all but vetoed two or three, as he had the right to do, and directed that the usual place on the first sheet be kept open for Dickens's contribution. But, to be certain of something for the leading position, Bentley set in reserve a story which he and Dickens had agreed to use.†

Meanwhile, to avoid recourse to law, Bentley accepted an offer from Cruikshank to mediate the dispute.‡ "Cruikshank has been here," Dickens wrote Forster after the first of several visits, "—deputed by Bentley to say nothing."§ Cruikshank reported that Dickens rigidly refused to entertain any proposition that did not recognise *Oliver Twist* as the second novel of their agreement. This Cruikshank advised. Somehow he had the odd impression that the public were "heartily tired of 'Oliver Twist' and that it was "more likely to injure the Miscellany than otherwise"; if Bentley accepted it as the second novel, Cruikshank seemed to think, he might drop it out of the magazine entirely !‖

Bentley speedily disabused him of this notion. But the struggle with Dickens was more difficult than he had anticipated; Dickens might very possibly refuse to perform any of his obligations. Suppose Bentley won a court case, what good would that do? A sullen editor and a reluctant novelist were worse than none. Meanwhile, *Pickwick Papers* grew more popular every day. and whatever the eccentric Cruikshank thought, *Oliver was* a drawing card for the *Miscellany*. If he wished to retain the services of this spectacularly successful young man, Bentley at last decided, he must yield. He empowered Cruikshank to offer Dickens a larger sum for the two novels and to consent that *Oliver Twist* be regarded as the second novel.¶

But hard upon this concession came an angry letter from Dickens. He was bitterly indignant at the changes Bentley had made in the October issue. His whole arrangement had been altered, articles inserted that he had never even seen in manuscript, and this course persisted in despite his notice that he would revise no such papers. ". . . I have been actually superseded . . . as Editor . . . in direct violation of my agreement with you, and a gross insult . . ." He therefore declined any further connection with it beyond "this month—no longer."**

* Unpublished letter, John Gregory to R. Bentley, August 19th, 1837.
† R. Bentley: Retrospective Sketch.
‡ Unpublished letter, Cruikshank to R. Bentley, September 15th, 1837.
§ Nonesuch Letters, C.D. to Forster, I, 119: (probably September, not July).
‖ Unpublished letter, Cruikshank to R. Bentley, September 15th, 1837.
¶ R. Bentley: Retrospective Sketch.
** Unpublished letter, C.D. to R. Bentley, September 16th, 1837.

Almost on top of this Bentley received a bewildered note from Cruikshank. Only the day before he had thought everything smoothed out. Now Dickens was making "a stand upon his editorial right." Cruikshank urged Bentley to resolve the contention in a friendly way. There might still "be time to get out the 'Oliver Twist' in the next Number."* (It will be noted that Cruikshank's judgment of the story seems to have altered.)

Bentley, however, was not uncholeric. He had exercised great control over himself. Only the day before, learning that Dickens objected to the piece he had ordered set up in type, he had withdrawn it, although he felt he had the right to insist on its insertion. Now his own temper was aroused. He had "no alternative but that of consulting my legal advisers," he wrote Dickens, and announced his intention of holding him to all his agreements.†

Dickens replied curtly: "Mr. Molloy . . . is my solicitor. . . . Of course it *is* my intention to abide by the determination I have given you notice of, or I should not have announced it."‡ And to Cruikshank Dickens wrote that there would be no *Oliver Twist* that month.§

An ineffectual interview now took place between Bentley, Gregory, and Molloy, after which Gregory advised Bentley he was convinced Dickens's real grievance was that other editors of similar magazines were more highly paid. Bentley could decide either to insist on the agreement and proceed against Dickens, or accept a pecuniary loss as the cost of retaining him as Editor. If the latter, Gregory should learn from Molloy what price Dickens exacted, in order to discover "whether it is worth your while to be cheated to that extent or to try the result of an action."‖

Gregory certainly did not understand Dickens. So far, none of his complaints had even mentioned an inadequacy of salary. He did say the remuneration originally agreed upon for the novels was inadequate: he would not have hesitated to say the same about his editorial salary. And although he *had* made the agreements, he had undoubtedly been victimised by his inexperience. (Harrison Ainsworth had thought, at the time, that Dickens should have been offered £800, not £500; since then Dickens's value had grown steadily.)

Furthermore, it was an error to imagine that Dickens was using Bentley's editorial interferences only as a trick to drive a better bargain. From the beginning he complained, with some asperity, on these points. "I must beg you once again not to allow anybody but myself to interfere with the Miscellany."¶ He had rigid ideas of his own dignity and authority as Editor, which he resisted seeing infringed even at the hands—in a man of Dickens's character one might say especially at the hands—of his employer. Nothing would put Dickens's back up more fiercely than the notion that he might be intimidated by a superior.

This does not mean that there was no acquisitiveness in his motives, nor that his financial dissatisfaction had no connection with his resentment of editorial interferences. Nor does his desire for a more equitable return for his work justify his actions. For he had made the agreements. He was not entitled to repudiate them because he now saw that publisher would gain more than author, or because he could now get more elsewhere. But it was understandable that he chafed at "the consciousness that my books are enriching everybody connected

* Unpublished letter, Cruikshank to R. Bentley, "Saturday noon."
† Bentley Papers, draft letter, September 18th, 1837, also in *Dickensian*, 1935, 242.
‡ Nonesuch Letters, I, 128, C.D. to R. Bentley, September 19th, 1837.
§ Nonesuch Letters, I, 128, C.D. to Cruikshank.
‖ Unpublished letter, Gregory to Bentley, September 21st, 1837.
¶ Unpublished letter, C.D. to R. Bentley, "Wednesday morning" (probably between January-April, 1837).

with them but myself,"* and that he should struggle to amend the discrepancy. Less defensible are the weapons he used.

But they won the first round of the duel. Bentley decided that Dickens was too valuable to lose. In September he surrendered almost completely, conceding practically all he had refused in August. He would consider *Oliver Twist* the second of the novels and pay £600 and £700 respectively for the first three thousand copies of each ; after that they should be published on joint account with author and publisher sharing equally in the profits. Although he retained the copyright on all Dickens's other contributions, he agreed that should any of these be separately reprinted, they would also be on joint account. Finally, as additional bait, he offered to raise Dickens's salary as Editor to a straight 40 guineas a month independent of circulation.†

These proposals, however, did not salve Dickens's wounded editorial dignity. There must be no more unregulated interferences ; his powers and Bentley's must be clearly defined. Otherwise he would not resume his duties. In a stiff note Molloy indicated that Dickens had performed his final services.‡ But Bentley also had his dignity to maintain. He would not be a nonentity on his own magazine. He must have more than the negative right of veto. Dickens had promised some contributors exaggeratedly high sums ; he must not be thus committed without his approval.

In an attempt to reach a compromise there was a conference at which Forster represented Dickens and Gregory's partner Follett represented Bentley. Almost all day long the men struggled over a draft agreement, settling point after point in Dickens's favour.§ Finally, the agreement, dated September 28th, 1837, provided that he would edit the *Miscellany* for three years from December, 1838, dropping both the previous five-year options. His salary would be £30 a month, plus £10 additional when sales exceeded six thousand copies and £5 for each additional five hundred. Bentley retained his right of veto, could originate three articles in every number, and made all arrangements about contributor's payments. *Oliver Twist* would continue in the *Miscellany* till Midsummer, 1838, and be published in book form on Dickens supplying the remainder of the copy and receiving £500 for it on May 1st. On this book Bentley would have a three-years' copyright, after which half the copyright reverted to Dickens. *Barnaby Rudge*, in three volumes, was to be delivered on similar terms before or during October, 1838, for £700.‖

Dickens had scored an almost complete victory in some respects, indeed, considerably more than he had originally contended for. Their respective editorial powers were clarified, he was to receive more than he had demanded for both novels, and he not only won his main point about regarding *Oliver Twist* as the second novel but no deductions were to be made for its periodical appearance.

But the peace that now ensued was only an uneasy lull. Bentley felt he had been subjected to extortion. Dickens burned at his struggle to obtain a reasonable sum for the novels and at what he considered the infringement of his editorial powers. Beneath a surface cordiality, there smouldered bitter resentments.

* Nonesuch Letters, I, 196, C.D. to Forster, January 21st, 1839.
† R. Bentley, unpublished memorandum, September 22nd, 1837.
‡ Unpublished letter, Chas. Molloy to R. Bentley, September 26th, 1837.
§ Nonesuch Letters, I, 129, C.D. to Mitton, " Wednesday Night."
‖ Draft agreement, 28th September, 1837. Also in *Dickensian*, 1935, 241, which gives date as September 20th, 1837 ; but it is very clear in draft.

(To be concluded)

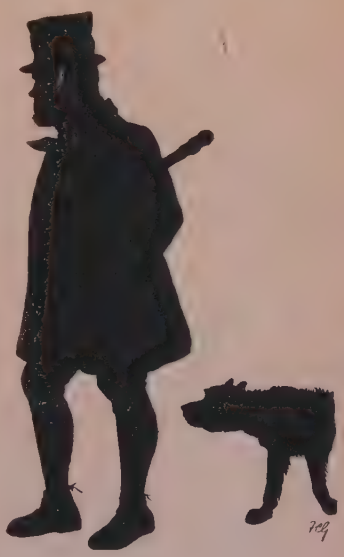
THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

By Sir John Shuckburgh

THERE must be others beside myself—though doubtless they represent a small and dwindling section of the community—whose childish incursions into literature made them familiar with the *Fairchild Family*. In my own schoolroom we all luxuriated in that once famous work. I say luxuriated advisedly. We derived an unholy joy from its pious and instructive pages. Our parents' generation, so we were given to understand, had taken its precepts seriously. We never did. We regarded it all as a huge joke; Mr. Fairchild's long-winded and self-righteous dissertations, Emily's inroads upon the jam-cupboard, the nemesis that overtook the disobedient Miss Augusta Noble, served merely to plant the seeds of cynical humour in our juvenile breasts. Since then the book, so far as its memory survives at all, has fallen still lower in current estimation. Not cynical humour, but stern moral reprobation, marks the attitude of its latter-day critics. Here is one trenchant example. "Mr. Fairchild," wrote Dr. Wingfield-Stratford in the *Victorian Tragedy*, "may perhaps pass for the most destable character in all fiction—his most obvious competitor, Squeers, being a less nauseating humbug, and displaying a certain affection for his own offspring."

There lies the explanation of this seemingly irrelevant exordium. The mention of Squeers brings Dickens into the picture—he can seldom be kept very long out of any picture—and raises a question that merits serious consideration from all Dickensians. That Dr Wingfield-Stratford is unduly hard upon Mr. Fairchild, who after all strove according to his lights to do what he conceived to be his bounden duty, is of no great moment. What matters much more is that he has done an injustice to Mr. Wackford Squeers. He has placed the Yorkshire schoolmaster far too high among the odious characters of fiction. Squeers was not so bad as all that. He was not even the most detestable of Dickens characters. No doubt he presented certain unattractive features to a casual glance. He was a squalid savage, a bully and a cheat, a monster of sadistic cruelty. So be it. No one would seek to minimise or ignore the debit side of the balance, but it is well to remember that the credit column is not entirely blank. He had one outstanding gift; he possessed a literary *flair*, a natural command of language, which survived all the vicissitudes of unequal fortune. The celebrated prospectus of Dotheboys Hall (at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire) was a masterpiece of composition. It is worth repeating in full, no matter for the howmanieth time. "Youth," it proclaimed to a gullible public, "are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the gloves, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification and every other branch of classical literature." And all for the extremely modest charge of £20 per annum. True, the prospectus was in the nature of an official document, a kind of Parliamentary paper drafted with an eye to every quarter of the House and to every section of opinion. Perhaps—if it has a fault—it is a little too carefully worded, a shade over-complete and over-comprehensive. It smacks a trifle overmuch of lucubration over the midnight oil. But Mr. Squeers was by no means dependant upon lucubration; he could do the same thing just as effectively on the spur of the moment. Listen to one of his best impromptus: "Every wholesome luxury, sir, that Yorkshire can afford, every beautiful

moral that Mrs. Squeers instil, every—in short, every comfort of a home that a boy could wish for, will be theirs, Mr. Snawley." It was finely said. The wholesome luxuries of Yorkshire, coupled with Mrs. Squeers' beautiful morals (could the word "beautiful" be bettered ?), form an irresistible combination. The man was a poet after his kind, an artist in the use of words. Even in the hour of defeat and disaster his special faculty remained unimpaired. "The coat of arms of the Squeerses is tore," he lamented in his overthrow, "and their sun has gone down into the ocean wave." That may fitly stand as his epitaph : let it plead for a charitable judgment upon his failings. Poets, by immemorial tradition, are not as other men ; they are bound by no moral standards save their own.



No, Mr. Squeers must be ruled out. The first place in the catalogue must find some more deserving occupant. To whom, then, is that unenviable pre-eminence to be assigned ? To whom is the palm of villainy to be awarded ? Bill Sikes is a name that readily suggests itself. But here a difficulty at once arises. Sikes was an agent, not a principal. Condemn him as we may (and must), at least he merits a lighter sentence than those who set him on and profited by his nefarious deeds. Which was the greater scoundrel, Sikes or Fagin ; the thief or the receiver ; the man who faced the open risks of his profession, or the craftier ruffian who stayed at home and pocketed the spoils ? The question answers itself. Sikes was a brute, but he had the courage of a brute. Even his murder of Nancy, as revolting an episode as any recorded in fact or fiction, has just this much to be said in its defence. In every criminal organisation an act of treachery to the gang is the one unpardonable offence. Sikes believed that Nancy was guilty of betraying her associates. He was wrong, but his belief was genuine ; and that, in his eyes (and in those of his fellow-gangsters), was ample justification for extreme measures. If Sikes is to be dethroned, should Fagin reign in his stead ? There are solid grounds for his promotion even to that dizzy eminence ; but, for my own part, I have no heart to argue the case. I am not an impartial witness. It is a matter of sentiment, not of reason. The picture of the old ruffian, as Oliver Twist first beheld him "in the house near Field-lane," is among my earliest and most cherished literary recollections. The surroundings were dingy enough, and Dickens—after his manner—gives their dinginess full value. Yet the central figure somehow creates an impression which I, for one, find not wholly disagreeable. "In a frying pan . . . some sausages were cooking ; and standing over them, with a toasting-fork in his hand, was a very shrivelled Jew in a greasy flannel gown, with his throat bare." There is a touch of homeliness about the toasting-fork and the dressing-gown which, when the book was first read aloud to me, impressed itself indelibly upon my adolescent mind and which my maturer judgment has failed to dispel. I cannot associate the scene with the lowest depths of infamy, nor can I bear too hardly upon the "merry old gentleman" and the "hopeful pupils" who hung upon his words. Fagin must have the

benefit of the doubt. He leaves the court, if not without a stain on his character, at least without incurring the maximum penalty.

Turn to a character of a very different kind. Mr. Seth Pecksniff (his Christian name is apt to be forgotten, but it is a gem in itself) does not enjoy what is known as a "good press." His name has passed into the English language—as that of Tartuffe passed into French—as a synonym of hypocrisy in its most extreme and ridiculous form. It is tempting—if a moment's digression may be allowed—to compare fiction with fact; to set beside Pecksniff and Tartuffe some of the historical personages who have achieved a similar distinction and whose names, for one reason or another, have become part of our daily speech. The late Captain Boycott, the innocent victim of Irish intransigence in the 'eighties is one outstanding case; Quisling affords a later and more sinister example. To return to Mr. Pecksniff. He provides food for endless amusement, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to treat him *au grand serieux*. He was a passable hypocrite, no doubt; but, regarded as the champion hypocrite of all time, the supreme and unrivalled expert in that subtle and elusive art, he just does not fill the bill. His methods were too transparent. They deceived nobody worth deceiving. His one serious victim, the ingenuous Tom Pinch, was the kind of person that goes about the world asking to be victimised. And even Tom Pinch saw through him in the end. Judged by standards of practical achievement, Mr. Pecksniff was a failure, and deserved to be nothing less. Added to which, there was a side to his character that may almost be described as commendable. Like Squeers, he had a soft spot for his own offspring; and, again like Squeers (though unlike some other Dickensian impostors—Sampson Brass, for example), he could perform his accustomed rôle, and maintain his distorted notions of self-respect, even when exposure and retribution were closing in upon him. Remember his parting words to Martin Chuzzlewit the elder. "If you should wish to have anything inscribed upon your silent tomb, sir, let it be that I—ah, my remorseful sir, that I—the humble individual who has now the honour of reproaching you, forgave you. That I forgave you when my injuries were fresh, and when my bosom was newly wrung. It may be bitterness to you to hear it now, sir, but you will live to seek a consolation in it. May you find a consolation in it when you want it, sir. Good morning." Unquestionably there are elements of greatness in this farewell allocution. It may not have greatly impressed its hearers (indeed, the speaker can hardly have expected to impress them), but it had its effect none the less, and must have left everybody feeling just a trifle uncomfortable. In spite of everything, the old Pecksniff remained unchanged and undaunted. Fate could not touch him; he played out his part, with unruffled artistry, to the fall of the final curtain.

Other aspirants to the crown of Dickensian villainy must be more cursorily handled. Mr. Murdstone, a character somewhat of the Fairchild type, may be dismissed from the reckoning. Like Mr. Fairchild himself, he was less of a deliberate scoundrel than the product and exponent of a narrow code of social bigotry: a code detestable enough in itself, and all the more repulsive because it masqueraded

under the guise of religion, but falling short, in every essential, of the sublimities of rascality. Little that is good can be said of Uriah Heep; but his very meanness puts him out of court for our present purposes. So ignominous a creature has no place among the supermen of knavery. Besides, he lived at Canterbury. Is not that palliation enough? I appeal to all those, and their number must be legion, who know and love the most venerable of English cities. Rank weeds grow everywhere: but the rankest weed of all—the prime exhibit of fungoid horticulture—could it find root and sustenance beside the walls of St. Augustine or flourish amid the stately monuments of an unforgotten past? Perish the unworthy thought. Sir Mulberry Hawk hardly counts; he is little more than the stock "wicked baronet" of transpontine melodrama, whose actions follow stage convention rather than human passion or impulse. James Carker ("Mr. Carker the Manager") never quite comes to life; and the same may be said of Ralph Nickleby who, in moments of excitement, speaks the language of Mr. Vincent Crummles rather than of an enraged money-lender. Daniel Quilp, of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, has strong claims to a high place in the black list. He was a truly odious creature, mis-shapen of body and perverted of mind. Dickens draws a hideous picture of his external appearance. He was "an elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be almost a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant." His countenance displayed a "ghastly smile" which had "no connection with any complacent or mirthful feeling," and which "constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog." His moral qualities were to match. He was crafty, vindictive and remorseless. He was a cruel tyrant to his innocent and defenceless wife. That she never ventured to call him anything but Quilp may be of small account. Even Clara Peggotty habitually referred to her comparatively amiable consort as "Barkis," while the first Mrs. Dombey never got beyond "Mr. Dombey" with her august spouse. But Mrs. Quilp's case was of another order; her timid deference to her husband's coarseness and brutality makes such painful reading as to be scarcely bearable. Nevertheless, to give the devil his due, Quilp was master of one accomplishment which some may be found to envy him. He knew how to manage his mother-in-law. The formidable Mrs. Jiniwin, loud in protest and denunciation behind his back, was cowed into silence in his presence. The mention of her name serves as a reminder that, so far, only male villains have been brought under review. That is hardly fair; there are ogresses as well as ogres in the Dickensian portrait gallery. The sombre figure of Madame Defarge leaps at once to the mind. Her villainy was certainly on the heroic scale: "a great woman," said her husband, "a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman": a missionary of hatred and revenge, says Dickens, "such as the world will do well never to breed again." But here again there are extenuating circumstances. Madame Defarge's lust for blood and vengeance, however terrifying in its ruthlessness, arose from no inborn strain of vice or cruelty. It

was a bitter legacy of wrong and outrage perpetrated upon her own kinsfolk. The plea of provocation must be upheld.

The process known as "whitewashing," with which this article has heretofore been concerned, is a popular and diverting pastime. "After all, he is not quite so black as he has been painted" is a theme upon which it is possible to dilate, not only with facility. but with a certain consciousness of tolerance and breadth of view that ministers pleasurably to the writer's self-respect. But there is an end to all things. The easy way cannot be pursued indefinitely; sooner or later the moment arrives for leaving the main road and scrambling up the mountain track. The main objective has still to be reached. Having eliminated the non-starters, there remains the more difficult and dubious task of picking the winner. Granted that Sikes and Squeers, Pecksniff and Fagin, will not stay the course, there must surely be some one, somewhere, who will outdistance all competitors and pass the winning-post in triumph. Who is it to be? For my own part, my choice falls upon Jonas Chuzzlewit. It is not merely that he committed two murders (one of his victims being his own father) in the course of his infamous career; that he behaved with brutal violence towards his wife; or that his boundless avarice drew him on to an abominable swindle. His whole character, his outlook upon life in all its relations, touched a depth of squalid meanness for which I can find no parallel. He was not only mean, he admired meanness for its own sake. It is often said of such and such a person that he came to grief through acting against his better judgment. Jonas was not like that; his "better judgment" gave him no counsel that was not selfish, underhand and ignoble; and he followed it implicitly. It is recorded of Mr. Chevy Slyme that his "great abilities seemed one and all to point towards the sneaking quarter of the moral compass." The words might have been applied, with equal relevance, to Mr. Slyme's cousin Jonas. He was indeed the master-sneak, the grand exemplar of all sneakdom. Recall his first appearance, with his worthy father, in Mr. Pecksniff's parlour: "Then there were Anthony Chuzzlewit, and his son Jonas; the face of the old man so sharpened by the wariness and cunning of his life, that it seemed to cut him a passage through the crowded room . . . while the son had so profited by the precept and example of the father, that he looked a year or two the elder of the twain, as they stood winking their red eyes, side by side, and whispering to each other, softly." "Winking their red eyes": a masterly touch. There is something about the description, something stealthy, vulpine and sub-human, that clings to Jonas and to his every action at every stage of his career. He went about the world winking his red eyes, looking no man full in the face, at once boastful and cringing, odious in his demeanour alike to those whom he sought to propitiate and to those whom he felt able to insult with impunity. He was detestable even in his lighter moments. His "growing ease and gaiety" at Mr. Pecksniff's supper-table "vented itself in sundry insolences towards Mr. Pinch and an indefinable coarseness of manner in reference to Mary (they being the two dependants)." "They being the two dependants": the words reveal the cad in his native caddishness. the unlicked cur in its crude and hideous colours. Jonas had a sense of humour—if the word may be so prostituted—that was all his own. He told the two Miss Pecksniffs, at the end of a day's sight-seeing in London, that he would "show them one of the best pieces of fun with which he was acquainted." The joke consisted in "taking a hackney-coach to the extreme limits of possibility for a shilling." It was worthy of its perpetrator, and sets him in a category apart. Bill Sikes would have scorned so sorry a performance; Mr. Squeers (who had his own way of dealing with cabmen) would have deemed it

beneath his scholastic dignity; to Madame Defarge it would have been simply incomprehensible (she was probably never in a *fiacre* in all her life; in her narrow world only the hated aristocrat drove). To Jonas Chuzzlewit it was the quintessence of humour. What further evidence is needed? The wretch stands self-confessed and self-condemned. If any reader can think of anything baser or more abject, in or out of the pages of Dickens, let him (or her) produce it for public inspection and condemnation. Till then, I stand firmly by my choice.

IS THIS THE REAL DICKENS?

By T. W. Hill

I

A NEW book by Mr. Hesketh Pearson* must command attention and his study of Dickens from an angle somewhat different from that of the Dickolater (Phoebus! what a name!) is good value for money as it is most entertainingly written. There is nothing particularly new as it repeats, as it is bound to do, all over again most that is already known about Dickens, but these facts are presented with a new twist and it deals with its subject's character rather than with his writings. As a serious contribution to Dickensian literature, it suffers from being entirely undocumented; the author's own judgements and opinions cannot be distinguished from his use of others' work included in his list of Selected Sources appended to the book. Dickens's work as a novelist and his importance in the history of English literature and social progress are practically ignored except where support can be found or strained for the working out of the theme.

This theme appears to be twofold: (*a*) Dickens was first and foremost a great actor—"a born actor," "an actor through and through," "the only great actor in history who was also a great creative artist"—who, having by reason of a bad cold when a youth abandoned acting as a career, hankered for the stage and its "garish lights" during all the rest of his life; and (*b*) Dickens wanted to be loved, he longed for ideal love, and his life was spent in seeking his ideal woman. Everything else—his family life, his travels, his editorial work, his friendships and social contacts, and his literary output (inadequately dealt with)—is subsidiary to this twofold theme.

The actor-motive culminated in his public Reading of the Murder Scene in *Oliver Twist*, and the lover-motive reached its climax in the alleged seduction of Miss Ellen Ternan.

The method of construction is reminiscent of that used by writers of detective stories; first settle upon the denouement and then write up to it, arranging the material incidents in plausible logical order to bring about the climax.

This method has not been unsatisfactory in the Actor-motive and that part of the theme is developed with effectively sure results. With a wealth of examples from his life, his letters, and his books, Dickens's essential staginess is traced from the time of his early abandonment of an actor's career, we are taken step by step from his first efforts at stage deportment, his love of theatrical, that is showy, costume, his extravagantly high spirits, his amateur acting and stage-production for charity, his dramatisation of himself in ordinary life, his early public Readings, right down to the fatal strain of the Murder Scene

* *Dickens, His Character, Comedy and Career*, by Hesketh Pearson. Methuen, 18*s*.

in *Oliver Twist*, all considered in relation to the melodramatic nature of many of his plots and incidents. The theme may not be exactly new to the Dickens student, but I have never seen it treated in so masterly and convincing a manner. Bill Sykes is considered "a grotesque caricature" but Bill Sykes had his revenge, for there is no doubt that in the Murder Scene he killed Dickens as well as Nancy: (Mr. Pearson heads his final chapter "Felo de Se").

But with the Lover-motive, Mr. Pearson has not been so successful. The theme is traced from Maria Beadnell who jilted the adolescent Dickens after three years of courtship, then to his young sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, who died in his arms when he was 25, and then to what Mr. Pearson calls his "emotional disturbance" over Christina Weller when he was 32, then a year later to Mrs. de la Rue whom he attended in her bedroom to administer hypnotic treatment, then to the re-appearance of Maria as Mrs. Winter which shocked him at 43, and finally to Miss Ellen Ternan when he was 55. And what an end is the result: Mr. Pearson sums it up in the last words of the book: "the weary body was still for ever, the harassed soul at rest." But look at the gaps that, for lack of material, Mr. Pearson has been unable to fill: four years, eight years, ten years, and eight years. This does not seem to me a consistent life-long search for an ideal woman, and certainly not enough of a connected story to account for the "weary body" and the "harassed soul." But that is the Dickens the reader is asked to accept. In dealing with Miss Ellen Ternan, the author has been very assiduous in the collection of his material and in his enquiries, emulating Miss Miggs (Mrs. Miggs in the index): "the prospect of finding anybody out in anything would have kept Miss Miggs awake under the influence of henbane." Every triturated detail that could possibly be scraped together has been utilised. I do not know whether Mr. Pearson has undertaken any original research or has verified for himself the statements he has borrowed from others. However that may be, he has not succeeded in filling the gap of five or six years left by the Peeping Toms and *chiffoniers* between Dickens's first meeting with Miss Ternan and his own date for her surrender. What is clear is that he has been satisfied to depend largely if not entirely upon unsubstantiated assertions arising from the gossip of elderly people trying to recall events thirty or forty years old, assertions that were not made public till the victims of the gossip were all dead and beyond recall for cross-examination. Lewis Carroll's Bellman said: "What I tell you three times is true," and as the story was first told by Thomas Wright, then accepted and repeated by Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, and then Mr. Ralph Straus said he found no difficulty in accepting it, it must be true! Q.E.D.

The mole-hill of rumour has become for Mr. Pearson a mountain of romance. Yet he avoids positive assertion; all is inference, and as he shews some gift for innuendo, each statement is qualified; it is either *perhaps*, or *possibly*, or *may have been*, with an occasional daring *must have been* or a *probably*. "The Snark is a Boojum, you see." Is this the best way to make a story credible or convincing? It may be good romance, but it is certainly not good biography.

As Mr. Pearson has made so many qualified guesses for the purpose of his romance, he should surely have been able to do what every writer of romance is able to do, and get behind the mind of Miss Ternan's mother, and let us know what she was thinking when she was *probably* as Mr. Pearson puts it, living rent-free at Dickens's expense and receiving in her house two or three times every week the elderly grey-bearded grass-widower about the same age as herself who was living in adultery with her daughter, and of whom her legal son-in-law, Tom Trollope (Ellen's sister's husband) said: "He was perhaps the largest-hearted

man I ever knew . . . Dickens hated a mean action or a mean sentiment as one hates something that is physically loathsome to the sight and touch." Before you picture the scene in your mind, try to imagine such an occurrence in your own family ; your own mother welcoming a man, however distinguished, as old as herself, who is taking tea with your family and openly making love to your own pretty young sister who is trying to repel his too obvious advances. Mr. Pearson has satisfied himself, as shewn in an ingenuous footnote on page 305 that Ellen Ternan was in the train with Dickens on the occasion of the Staplehurst accident, although there is not a jot of reliable evidence for the statement, and goes on to say that Ellen was " much more concerned over her bonnet-box (I wonder how he found that out) than over the MS. of the Boffins ; and that Dickens " would scarcely have risked shaking the carriage from its perilous ledge for anything less precious." Sheer imagination, worthy of a romancer but surely not of a biographer. If Carlyle could and did rewrite the lost MS. of his monumental *Frederick the Great*, a serious history, surely Dickens, with his almost unparalleled memory could if necessary have rewritten those chapters of *Our Mutual Friend* had they been not recovered.

Fortunately, it is not necessary to deal very fully with this sordid subject in this place as it has already been considered many times in *The Dickensian*, but there are two sentences that must be quoted. Whatever may have been the date, fixed by the author at about 1863, of Miss Ternan's alleged surrender to Dickens's alleged ardent solicitations, pursued over a period of years the details of which are not forthcoming, till " by sheer persistence and desperation he at length compelled Ellen to yield," we are informed that she " expected to be kept in a luxury to which she was not accustomed." (There is no qualifying " I think " to that statement : it is averred as a fact.) " The combination of his fame and his cash must have prevailed with Ellen . . . apparently *Ellen placed comfort before chastity*." Is it possible to find any appropriate adjective to describe such a statement made of a lady whose respected son and daughter are both still happily with us ? Mr. Pearson does not improve matters by asserting that " Yet he (Dickens) was fully aware that she did not love him." Another adjective seems to be wanted here but it is beyond my power to supply it.

Before leaving this distasteful subject I must call attention to one aspect of Dickens's work invented by Mr. Pearson. He says on page 70 : " Nancy was one of those ' fallen women ' who make regular appearances in the novels of Dickens " : and on page 316 : " it is worth noting that his association with her (Miss Ellen Ternan) had a further effect on his writings, from which the Fallen Woman Theme disappeared." Surely this is, to put it mildly, an overstatement. There were only one complete novel and a fragment to come. Yet one might suppose from that quotation that the " Fallen Woman " was a constant prepossession with Dickens, whereas the truth is that in his *thirteen* long novels written up to the time of the Ternan assumption, only *three* contain a " Fallen Woman Theme," namely, Nancy in *Oliver Twist* (1837), Little Em'ly in *David Copperfield* (1850), and Lady Dedlock, if she can be legitimately called a Fallen Woman, in *Bleak House* (1852). Alice Marwood in *Dombey and Son*, Martha in *David Copperfield*, and the unfortunate creature who accosed Little Dorrit, cannot be regarded as part of the themes of those books. Can *three* instances in *thirteen* novels be considered regular appearances ? Where is the " Fallen Woman theme " in *Pickwick*, *Papers Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Little Dorrit*, *Dombey and Son*, *Hard Times*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *Great Expectations* ?

II

There is another aspect of the work that, I think, merits some comment. Whatever may be thought of the beauties of the writing, of which there are many, and the undoubted skill with which the author has used his material, he gives some indication of the number of people for whom he has some antipathy. He appears to loathe John Forster to whom is devoted a whole chapter of derogation, under the title of "The Mogul," a name given playfully to Forster by Dickens in their early days on account of Forster's dictatorial and overbearing manner, but the author has forgotten that the real Mogul, if he was feared, was also worshipped by his subjects. Throughout the rest of the book no opportunity has been missed of insinuating an unkind or sneering aside; he even twists round Dickens's wish that Forster should write his biography into: "(Dickens) knowing that Forster had every intention of writing his biography, he maintained their relationship as best he could." All this seems to me rather ungrateful, as the debt to Forster's "heavy and half-told" (Mr. Pearson's adjectives) *Life of Charles Dickens*, is obvious on nearly every page. Why be so anxious to bite the hand that feeds one?

Mr. Pearson has no liking for Wilkie Collins about whom are written many disagreeable things in a couple of pages of rapid and cursory review of his career, and for which he uses the methods of Miss Miggs: "he covered up his traces so completely that there must have been a good deal to hide."

He cares very little, it at all, for Carlyle, or Daniel O'Connell, or Landor, or Jeffrey, all of whom "we may politely describe as the knottiest among Dickens's contemporaries."

He holds no very high opinion of Lytton, who is called on page 296 "a tawdry novelist" with "vulgar opinion," and on page 160 is accused of inviting "the forty-shilling freeholders in his constituency" to a performance of *Every Man in His Humour*" as he was "unable to bribe them directly with money" to make sure of their suffrages.

George Dolby is dismissed as a "vulgar, jovial, boisterous, energetic, honest, cynical fellow" of "loud, careless, unrefined talk" who "did not go out of his way to please people." In this connexion Mr. Pearson is guilty of deliberate *Suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*. When Dolby at Ross-on-Wye saw Forster to get his views about Dickens's projected visit to America, Forster said: "I shall write to Dickens by to-night's post, and tell him how fully I am opposed to the idea, and that he must give it up." Mr. Pearson then invents this summary dismissal: "Dolby was then shown the door," which is not in Dolby's narrative, and he omits to complete the account given in Dolby's book that when Forster realised Dickens's determination to go "a sudden change came over Mr. Forster's spirit . . . the churlishness . . . was the outcome of his love and affection for Mr. Dickens and of an anxious desire for his welfare . . . when Mr. Forster was leaving Ross, he gave me at the railway station a parting injunction to take care of Mr. Dickens, which would have been really comic but for the earnestness with which it was delivered." So the author is not fair either to Dolby or to Forster.

And, what about Phiz? Mr. Pearson's feeling for him is, I think, lukewarm, perhaps a little patronising. He writes: "We know very little about Hablôt K. Browne" and he seems not to have taken the trouble to consult Edgar Browne's *Phiz and Dickens* or Croal Thomson's *Life and Labours of Hablôt Knight Browne*, as neither book is included in the list of Selected Sources. He is satisfied to give us a little finger-nail (it does not amount to a thumb-nail) sketch: "an unsociable man, who dreaded company, distrusted strangers, and would suddenly disappear into corners or behind curtains when circumstances compelled him to attend social functions." When Dickens engaged Marcus

Stone instead of Phiz to illustrate *Our Mutual Friend*, Browne wrote to a friend: "Dickens probably thinks a new hand would give his old puppets a fresh look, or perhaps he does not like my illustrating Trollope neck-and-neck with him, though, by jingo, he need fear no rivalry *there*." Now, observe Mr. Pearson's vivid imagination getting to work; under his hands Browne's mild "probably" and "perhaps" become (the italics are mine) "What *undoubtedly* determined the future of Browne was his *decision* to join the staff of 'Once a Week' . . . in Dickens's eyes *this was an act of flagrant disloyalty*: and if Phiz had been Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo rolled into one, he would not have been engaged to illustrate Dickens's next work, though it were a hagiography." I can only assume that the last phrase is intended to produce an "effect."

I find it difficult to discover whom Mr. Pearson does really like among the many persons with whom he deals in his work; the whole book is so objectively written; the author never waxes enthusiastic or seems quite *en rapport* with any of his subjects; he writes with the kind of impersonal detachment characteristic of an analyst at an autopsy or a visitor at an aquarium passing audible remarks about the inhabitants of the tanks.

I entertain some doubt as to whether he likes Catherine Dickens, who, he seems to think, sat as the model for Mrs. Quilp, "a pretty little blue-eyed woman with a soft, mild manner, obedient, timid, loving," pictured as helpless and ineffective when Dickens sported with Eleanor Christian on the jetty at Broadstairs, weak where Mrs. de la Rue and Ellen Ternan were concerned, and as having a "disinclination for mental and physical activity," (page 247) and mainly notable for her "docility and lack of responsibility" (page 165).

To the hero of the book, Charles Dickens, I find it extremely hard to fathom Mr. Pearson's reactions. Does he regard him with the same affection as the generations of readers during the last century and a quarter? Is it possible that this book, with its numerous unkindly asides about Dickens scattered with profusion through its pages, is written by one who, in the words of the publishers' *blurb* "has loved the novels of Dickens from boyhood?" Is Dickens the hero, or only a sort of lay figure on which to exercise the gift of epigram and innuendo? Mr. Pearson writes, following Hugh Kingsmill, that Dickens put some of himself into Quilp, and adds that Sim Tappertit had some of Dickens in him, and that Bradley Headstone and John Jasper reproduce some of Dickens's "rage, despair, and jealousy in its most devastating form." This is of course no great discovery as most of us have in our make-up some traces of cruelty, conceit, and jealousy. But, if, as Hazlitt says: "whatever authors make others feel in any marked degree they must themselves feel first, and, further, they must have this feeling all their lives," why does Mr. Pearson quote only those unpleasant and repellent individuals in order to bolster up his Love-theme? Could he not have found numerous characters in Dickens's novels presenting more admirable and amiable qualities that we all admire in Dickens himself? Forbearance, justice, sacrifice, chivalry, integrity, charity, modesty, loyalty, and many other virtues that appear in so many of his glorious gallery of immortals.

III

And yet, in spite of what I have just written, I must add that when Mr. Pearson chooses, he can be moderate, temperate, broad-minded and generous. On pages 162 to 168 there is a summing-up of Dickens's complex character in which is reached what is in my opinion the height of Mr. Pearson's achievement. The writing is dispassionate, well-balanced, eloquent, beautifully-phrased, nothing is set down in

malice and nothing extenuated. Dickens really comes to life in these pages; the full-flavoured sentences are strictly under the author's control and succeed each other in a steady flow of rhetoric that carries all before it; the reader feels that he sees Dickens in the flesh. I would that Mr. Pearson had continued this mood throughout this work.

But, alas, he stoops to other methods elsewhere. He has a facility in composing epigrams—a dangerous gift if not disciplined—that may add piquancy to his style, but that sometimes leads him to say things that verge on the ungracious. "Carted Catherine about the American Continent for zoological exhibition and a course of social manhandling" is one that may raise a smile but the laughter has an echo that is grim. "The cultivated circles of Boston were rather relieved when he left for New York" does not seem to be meant as kind. At the play at Devonshire House "an aristocratic audience which had paid five guineas, whether to see Queen Victoria or Charles Dickens remains uncertain" may contain spice, but pepper is mixed with it. When, at Buckingham Palace, the Queen hoped that Dickens would overlook the faults in her *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands* (the full title of that book is not given), the following comment appears: "Whether he replied that he could not overlook its virtues, we are not told." At whom is that shaft aimed? "He strove against many temperamental obstacles to be a Christian. Let us see how far he was successful" smacks of patronage, and, to me at least, seems ill-judged. Dickens's "privately expressed wish that he should be buried either in the churchyard under the castle wall at Rochester or in the churchyards of Cobham or Shorne *was taken to mean that he would not object* to being buried quietly in Westminster Abbey"; no justification for that statement is quoted, and it seems to convey a hidden sneer of some sort; I hope I have not done an injustice to Mr. Pearson, but in any case it might have been more happily phrased.

The author cannot let even the subsidiary people alone. When Douglas Jerrold died, "whether they knew it or not, he (Dickens) decided that the Jerrold family had been left in straitened circumstances" and after the benefit was bestowed, "£2,000 being handed over to the widow and unmarried daughter of Douglas Jerrold whether they liked it or not; but they probably did." I wonder how Jerrold's descendants will like to read that.

Such examples of Mr. Pearson's method might be multiplied, but the reader must find them for himself; anyway his search will be amply rewarded by the many good things that he will encounter on the way, and it is only just to give a couple of instances of the asides that I refer to; they are full of the spice that I have mentioned and are free from pepper. When James Carker was killed by the train, it "spun him round and round, and struck him limb from limb . . . and cast his mutilated fragments in the air . . ." Mr. Pearson's delightful comment is "Carker must have been a publisher in disguise." Of the two great rival novelists, he says: "Their characters were manifest in the limp handshake of Thackeray, the hearty grip of Dickens." *Multum in parvo.* I also find a depth of wisdom in "If Mr. Micawber and Mrs. Nickleby may be regarded as interest on the sum expended (Dickens supported his parents for the rest of their lives) posterity has no ground for complaint being still in receipt of the dividend." (Page 82.) I should add that on pages 263 to 273 the reader will find an excellent example of Mr. Pearson at his very best; it is a fair and temperately written review of Thackeray's character considered particularly in relation to that of Dickens and traces their contacts and differences in a quite masterly way, which well repays the closest attention.

In setting forth his romantic story, whatever shadowy basis there may be for his romance Mr. Pearson has been eminently successful, but I cannot help regretting that his pellucid, easy-flowing, almost impeccable style is here and there marred by such inelegances as "popping eyes," "hangover," "slanging match," "for all he was worth," "ructions" (a chapter heading), "cutting his losses," and other slips into colloquialism to which there could have been no necessity for a writer of Mr. Pearson's erudition and command of literary English to resort. I know it is largely a personal matter, but it gives me the feeling that the author is trying to write down to my level rather than trying to raise me to the heights of his own attainments.

There are not many errors of fact in the book, considering the amount of information crowded within the covers and I have only space to mention a few. "He knew Shakespeare well." This should, I think, read "What he knew of Shakespeare he knew well" as there is little evidence that the comedies and fantasies appealed to Dickens at all. From page 231 I gather that Mr. Pearson has not read *The Lady Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*, and has misread Forster's reference to it, as Wigton and Allonby have got mixed up. On page 41 it is stated that Dickens "turned at once to the theatre, writing a farce in two acts, *The Strange Gentleman* . . ." This might give an impression that the farce was an original production, and it should be added that it was adapted from one of Dickens's own *Sketches by Boz*, "The Great Winglebury Duel." On page 64, Forster "was engaged to be married to . . . Letitia Landon." Mr. Renton, whose book on Forster is not in Mr. Pearson's list of Selected Sources, throws grave doubt on Mr. Pearson's authority (Percy Fitz-Gerald) whose book is in the Selected Sources, and whose statements are qualified by "no doubt," "we can see how," "it is believed," and "it is said." On page 144 is a curious slip: "Macready's daughter, Susan" is mentioned; this should be Miss Susan Atkins, Macready's sister-in-law, and why is she called as "a silly girl," if the description is not put in for effect? On page 169 is a statement that Dickens "described a place (Blundeston spelt incorrectly as Blundestone) which, since he had never visited it, had no more resemblance to the original than Chatham had to Yarmouth." Yet F. G. Kitton and others have stated that Dickens was the guest of Sir Morton Peto at Somerleyton Hall nearby, shortly before writing *David Copperfield*. Other errors must be omitted here but Mr. William Kent, who has read the proofs and who knows the subject so well, should not have let them pass.

IV

I feel that I must say a few words about the place this book is likely to occupy in the library of the Dickens lover and student. As a book to be read it must rank high if only for its readableness and the attractive way in which the story is told, but as a book of reference it cannot take so prominent a position. It is not documented except for the List of Selected Sources which is unfortunately not arranged either alphabetically or chronologically; the pursuit of authority for further information than that afforded by the text is practically impossible as there is no library other than such inclusive and national collections as that at the British Museum where *all* these books, most of them now out of print, can be consulted.

The Index is nearly useless as a guide to the contents of the book as it only provides page numbers that entail an amount of search through the text that is very patience-trying and time-wasting; there are moreover no subject headings, and there are numerous unnecessary entries, inconsistencies, errors, and omissions.

I hope that I have not conveyed any wrong impressions about this book. It makes splendid reading and so fascinatingly does the narrative swing along that it is difficult to put the book down. Against all my usual habits I found myself reading it far into the night, and, having read it right through from cover to cover, I promptly read all of it again before settling down to a detailed study of its contents, a study that caused me to realise with appreciation the immense amount of reading and concentrated thought that the author had put into his work to condense within 356 pages so much information so well marshalled. His powers of generalisation and summary are shown in his treatment of Dickens's relations with his publisher Bentley (chapter 4), of the courtship of Maria Beadnell (chapter 2) and his disillusionment (chapter 14), of the way in which Dickens provided for his seven sons and gave each of them a good start in life (chapter 18). All of these passages, like those I have mentioned above about Thackeray and about Dickens's character, are full of sympathetic writing and insight of a high order.

The chapter devoted to Dickens's separation from his wife is full of humanity and comprehension, and so is the account of the Garrick Club affair and the misunderstanding with Thackeray the latter shewing well how wise and moderate Mr. Pearson can be, and how much he understands of the way in which men's minds work.

And yet, the work as a whole does not present more than a partial portrait: it is two-dimensional, not Dickens "in the round." It gives us a silhouette exhibiting only one aspect of its subject and carefully pasted down, so that the other side is hidden, the side containing all those lovable qualities of heart and head that so endeared Dickens to the England of his day and still endears him and his name to succeeding generations. I cannot think that Mr. Pearson's erotic woman-chaser is the Dickens that will live; his opinions may act as a mild corrective to the unthinking person called a DICKOLATER.

It may shake dependence upon Mr. Hesketh Pearson as a reliable unbiassed historian and biographer; it will certainly not shake the faith of the true level-headed Dickensian, who already shares the national pride in the greatest novelist, humanitarian, and social force of the nineteenth century.

SOME DICKENSIAN ANAGRAMS

By R. STEWART KENNEDY (Lytham St. Annes Branch).

1. Caleb Ran
2. Ely Swan
3. Poe's Milk
4. Nun's Bib
5. Hot Ferrets
6. Rye Browser
7. I, Herod, urged Roo
8. Leaky Tramp
9. Racker
10. A Tamil Inn
11. Swell Made
12. Worse Baby
13. Undermost
14. Dewbin
15. Alf will be R.E.
16. Maga's Harp
17. Shovel
18. Great Yawl
19. Last Adorer
20. Like Bliss
21. Ne'er Given
22. Hey ! Cuff
23. Prussian Pen
24. Emir ! Tilt
25. Eels Born
26. Ma Merdle, Fall
27. Stern Magic
28. Gee ! Slam !
29. Curls, Mem ?
30. No Night Lurk
31. Smart Fun
32. Be Cry "Heel" ?
33. Rated L.S.D.
34. Red Elm
35. Emily Arose
36. Giles' Swag

Key on page 41.

MYSTERIES OF THE DOMBEY FAMILY

By Colin Brooks

I WRITE this article with trepidation. My assurance is that anyone knowing me, or anything about me, will acquit me of being other than an adulator of Dickens and a fanatical adulator of his work.

The mystery in the Drood family, is as nothing I am about to submit, to the mysteries in the Dombey family. Re-reading *Dombey and Son*, for perhaps the fiftieth—perhaps the five-hundredth—time, I became obsessed by them.

I do not concern myself with the minor mysteries, of which there are many, as for example the strange conduct of Mrs. Skewton who, playing cards, inverts the Jack of Clubs, which had reached her hand, feet uppermost. Did they, in the 1840's, use a different kind of playing cards ? Our Jacks have no feet. Perhaps they did, and perhaps that is the origin of the scoring in Cribbage—" one for his knob," " two for his heels "—when the Jack is turned up. I can quite see that the peculiar psychology of Mr. Toots accounts for his suddenly kissing Susan when he feels that he is just about to propose to Florence. It is not with such minor matters, I say, that I am concerned, but with deeper psychological problems.

Why did John Carker stay so long with the House ? He could surely, despite his early slip, have found himself a post elsewhere in his middle years, with all his experience and his pleasant personality. He might even have asked to be posted abroad, or have sought a post abroad with one of the Firm's overseas branches or agents or customers.

Kind Mrs. Brown constantly blackmails " the Biler " by threatening to loose his former associates on to him. But Rob was living in a relatively circumscribed world ; he constantly went home. How came it that his former associates had lost track of him ? He must, indeed, have been in constant touch with some of them, or to whom did he sell his pigeons at a bad bargain when he deserted the Little Midshipman ?

Jack Bunsby brings back Captain Cuttle's box : why did he not also bring Sol Gills's letters ?

Why should the returned Walter have been frightened away from his Uncle's shop and home by the mere barking of a dog ? Was there anything more likely than that the old man had bought a dog, for guard and company, when his nephew went overseas ?

There is another mystery about Sol Gills and Walter. Old Sol is, from the first, " Old " Sol. He is described as an elderly man. Walter is then fourteen. Walter is the son of Sol's sister—the difference in surnames establishing that—and there appears to be between uncle and nephew a gap of anything up to half a century. Either there was a monstrous gap between Sol and his sister, or the sister married, for those days, extremely late, and had her only child at an advanced age.

By what means did Sol so quickly pay off his debt to Dombey and Son, and, his having done so, by what stretch of the imagination did Carker call him " a run-away old bankrupt " ?

Mr. Dombey, himself, is wholly a mystery. We may accept his creator's assurance that catastrophe broke down the proud man into a kindly, almost drooling, grandfather, but while he was still at the height of his injured pride by what psychological strain did he bring himself to visit Kind Mrs. Brown's den, and to visit it alone ?

Of the manner of his wooing of the first Mrs. Dombey we know nothing, but we do know that they lived a normal marital life, for she bore him two children. (That he apparently, even in his most amorous moments, called her "Mrs. Dombey" means nothing, for either it was the manner of the age, or an accepted convention of the novelists, similar to the habit of people calling their sons-in-law by the surname, as Mrs. Skewton does.) Edith, we know, was, for all her aloof pride, not without a certain sensuality. Her own description of her adolescence, given when she is upbraiding her mother, shows her to have been accustomed to the casual caresses of all manner of men. She was a widow who had borne and lost a son. This means that she was not frigid.

Paul Dombey (Senior) had a mixture of motives in marrying her. Amongst those motives was physical admiration. Amongst them, too, must have been the desire for another heir. They married and cohabited. The psychological mystery is that any man, even Dombey, could have experienced—one will not say enjoyed—the peculiar intimacy of such a relationship and yet give no sign of it. Did they not, like every husband and wife ever born, talk things over in the snug privacy of the bedroom, that quiet talk before dropping off to sleep, or over a morning cup of tea? It cannot have been Edith's unexpected barrenness which spoilt their marital affection, for the marriage did not, after all, last very long. To put the somewhat delicate matter on a lower plane—could even Mr. Dombey have retained the grotesque dignity which he displays when he talks *at* Edith *through* Carker after she had so often seen him in the undignified apparel of a Victorian, long, male night-shirt? Perhaps—startling thought!—even a Victorian night-cap.

When, and how, did Edith mislead Carker into a belief that she was prepared to become his mistress? The terrible chapter wherein she disillusions him pre-supposes not only more intimate relations, earlier, than we have been led to suppose existed, but more frequent meetings. He twice kisses her hand, and after the first kiss she bruises the affronted hand on her mantel-shelf. What were the stages between this bitter antipathy and his being wilfully misled into the belief that she was prepared to "keep house" with him; and how and when were they conducted?

It is all very mysterious—almost as mysterious as why, after Harriet Carker had shared John Carker's shame and social exile for so many years, the personality of Mr. Morfin was unknown to her. Like Rob, she was living in a relatively circumscribed London: by what mysterious agency of Providence had it happened that she and John Carker had never, in street, road or by-way, encountered, casually, one who was so close in business relationship, and so genuinely interested in their fates? It is also mysterious why the meeting of Harriet and Morfin, in any circumstances, had been so long postponed. It is almost as mysterious as the fact that Captain Cuttle—who, by his own account, was no mere long-shoresman, but had braved distant oceans—was baffled to name or identify nautical instruments in Sol Gills's shop.

LADY MARTIN-HARVEY

A NOTABLE link with the great days of the theatrical actor-managers has been severed by the death of Lady Martin-Harvey. Known on the stage as Nina de Silva, she shared the struggles and triumphs of the long stage career of her distinguished husband, whom she survived for five years. She also bore her part in the creation of his great success, *The Only Way*, and played Mimi, the semptress, in the oroginal production and during its numerous revivals.

THE BARROWS OF BRISTOL

By William J. Carlton

AMONG the sins of omission which have been laid to the charge of John Forster, the authorised biographer of Dickens, not the least conspicuous is the almost complete absence from his work of any information concerning the novelist's ancestry. Save for passing allusions to his maternal grandfather, Charles Barrow, as a Lieutenant in the Navy and to an unnamed grandmother who presented the boy with a fat old silver watch, Forster was strangely silent on the subject of Charles Dickens's forbears. More than half a century later it was possible for J. W. T. Ley to write, in his annotated edition of Forster's *Life* : " Nothing is known of Dickens's ancestry " : and no serious attempt was made to repair the omission until the publication of Miss Gladys Storey's *Dickens and Daughter* in 1939, when many of those who might have furnished valuable data could no longer be consulted. The path of future biographers has now been greatly smoothed by the important articles contributed by the Editor to recent numbers of *The Dickensian*, which have thrown a flood of new light on Dickens's ancestors, especially on his mother's side, and for which full credit must be given to the patient investigations of the late A. T. Butler, F.S.A., Windsor Herald, and Arthur Campling, F.S.A.

Since those articles were written my own researches have revealed some additional facts which carry Dickens's maternal ancestry a step further back. Messrs. Butler and Campling stated that Charles Barrow was born on May 29th, 1759, but gave no indication of the place of his birth or the names of his parents. I am now able to add that he was a native of Bristol and was the eldest son of William Barrow, barber-surgeon of that city, and his wife Ann (*née* Cassteels). They were married on May 22nd, 1758, at St. Leonard's Church, Bristol, in which parish Charles Barrow was born, his baptism being registered on June 17th, 1759. His sister Ann was baptised in the same church on October 19th, 1760, and his two brothers, William and John, on April 29th, 1762, and June 26th, 1763, respectively. Dickens's great-grandfather, William Barrow, died before 1779. His eldest son Charles was admitted to the freedom of the city on February 13th, 1781, when he was in his twenty-second year, having taken the oath of obedience and paid the fee of 4*s*. 6*d*. The fact that he is described in the record as " mariner " lends colour to Forster's statement that he was at one time a Lieutenant in the Navy, though no confirmation of this has been found, nor have any details of his naval career come to light apart from a family tradition that he was once shipwrecked off the coast of Madagascar and walked across the island with his crew.

Nothing more is known of Charles Barrow's activities until his marriage, on January 27th, 1788, to Mary Culliford at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth. Mary was the daughter of Thomas Culliford, a musical instrument maker who appears to have been in the employ of James Longman and Robert Broderip, a well-known firm of dealers in musical instruments and music publishers whose output was at one time enormous. The business was started about 1767 by Longman who in 1771 took one Lukey into partnership. Broderip joined them about 1777 and two years later Lukey's name disappeared. In 1795 the firm went into bankruptcy and in that year the firm of Thomas Culliford, Charles Barrow and William Rolfe, musical instrument makers, is found at 112 Cheapside, London, opposite Bow Church. It

would seem that Charles Barrow was living in or near Cheapside at that time, as his third son, John Henry Barrow, born on January 4th, 1796, was baptised in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow on the last day of the same month. Culliford and Barrow appear to have retired from the business about 1797, after which date it was carried on by William Rolfe, at first alone and later in partnership with his sons. It may be noted parenthetically that Robert Broderip, the senior partner in the firm of Broderip and Wilkinson, pianoforte manufacturers at 13 Haymarket from 1798 to 1828, had been organist at Bristol, where he died on May 14th, 1808. In the following year the style of the firm was changed to Wilkinson & Co., and in January 1811 the entire stock was purchased by T. Preston of 97 Strand.

The fact that seven of Charles Barrow's ten children (five sons and five daughters) were baptised at St. Mary's Church, Lambeth, between 1788 and 1800 is sufficient evidence that he was living in the parish during the greater part of that period. There seems no reason to question Messrs. Butler and Campling's identification of him with the Charles Barrow, music master, who was living at 27 Walcot Place, Lambeth, in 1799, according to *Holden's Triennial Directory* for that year, "corrected up to the 28th of January, 1800." In the next (third) edition of the same directory for 1802-1804, however, occurs the following entry: "Barrow, Charles, music-master and circulating library, 27 Park Place, Kennington, 1*s*.", the last figure indicating the amount subscribed towards the cost of the directory. This is more difficult to reconcile with the established fact that on December 26th, 1801, Barrow was appointed an extra clerk in the Navy Pay Office at Somerset House, with an annual salary of £78 5*s*.; but the explanation may be that the volume was prepared for the press before 1802.

Little more than a year after his appointment as a clerk, it is rather startling to find Barrow installed (on January 15th, 1803) in the important post of Chief Conductor of Monies in Town, which carried with it a salary of £330 a year and a suite of rooms at Somerset House. Such phenomenally rapid promotion to a position of no little responsibility suggests that some powerful influence had been brought to bear in his favour, and it has been conjectured that Charles may have been related to John Barrow (afterwards Sir John Barrow, Bart.), Second Secretary to the Admiralty from 1804 to 1845 and founder of the Royal Geographical Society in 1830. Mr. C. E. Bechhofer Roberts has stated definitely, without giving his authority, that Sir John was a cousin of Dickens's mother (*Dickensian*, vol. xxiv, p. 266). Miss Gladys Storey, on the other hand, quotes a letter from the Treasurer of the Navy to the Secretary of the Admiralty in which John Barrow is referred to as "Second Secretary, no relation to Charles Barrow" (*Dickens and Daughter*, p. 56), and diligent search has so far failed to establish any connection between the two families. The only child of Roger and Mary Barrow, Sir John was born on June 18th, 1764, at Dragley Beck, near Ulverston, Lancashire, in a small cottage which had been in his mother's family for nearly two hundred years. His grandfather, Roger Barrow, was a farmer of Patterdale, Westmorland.

Miss Storey has told us that Charles Barrow's duties as Chief Conductor of Monies in Town included superintending the disbursement of the whole contingent and paying the incidental expenses of the Navy Pay Office. He attended at the bank and received all monies, which he despatched from London to the out-ports, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Sheerness and Chatham, under the escort of armed guards, defraying all expenses of the journeys. He also gave orders to the various tradesmen for repairs, furniture, coals, oil and other commodities required for use in the office, paying their bills and all rates assessed on the establishment.

On the authority of documents in the Public Record Office, Miss Storey has related at length how Barrow made up his account in the usual way on January 11th, 1810, and handed it to the Paymaster, who forwarded it to the Navy Board, requesting that the sum of £900 be imprested to Mr. Barrow. Investigation showed, however, that since 1803 the Chief Conductor's balance in hand had been gradually increasing and that he had, on every application for an Imprest Bill, stated a false balance, the total deficiency amounting to £5,689 3*s*. 3*d*. Summoned to appear before the Treasurer, the delinquent made a full confession, submitting in extenuation that the very heavy expenses of a family of ten children, increased by constant illness, had led him to commit an act which he bitterly regretted and for which he expressed his utmost sorrow. He begged the Treasurer to forbear communicating with the Navy Board for a few days, expressing the confident hope that the deficiency would be made good by his brother. A few days later, finding that there was not the slightest possibility of making up the amount, he tendered his resignation, concluding with this poignant appeal :—

" I most earnestly entreat the forbearance of the Navy Board in not demanding instant settlement of the balance. The demand might drive me into gaol, strip my family of what little furniture, clothes or other resources they may possess for their immediate subsistence. They are now unprovided for and severer steps, by preventing my exertions for their future maintenance, would indeed confound us all in one overwhelming calamity."

Although the Admiralty were disposed to be lenient, the Treasurer gave directions for a criminal prosectuion to be instituted. This, however, proved ineffectual when it was reported that " Mr. Barrow had absconded—supposed to have left England shortly after the discovery of his misconduct, leaving no other property than some household furniture, which the Sheriff of Middlesex seized under a Writ of Extent."

Charles Barrow is next heard of, after an interval of thirteen years, in the Isle of Man. The admission register of Gray's Inn, under date June 5th, 1823, describes John Henry Barrow as " third son of Charles Barrow, of Douglas, Isle of Man, Esq." In Pigot's *Directory*, published August 12th, 1824, Charles's address was given as Cambrian Place, Douglas, and his occupation as " organist at St. George's." Two years later he was living in Atholl Street, Douglas, and there he ended his days. The *Manx Sun* of February 25th, 1826, records under the heading " Deaths " : " On Sunday, the 19th inst., at his house in Atholl-street, much respected, Mr. Charles Barrow, late of Somerset House, London, aged 66 years." The organist's remains were interred in St. George's Church on February 24th and administration of his estate was granted, on the petition of his widow Mary, to Christopher Karran, Sumner of Braddan, on April 18th, 1826. Douglas was then a small fishing village, but the organ of St. George's Church is said to have been remarkably sweet and, for its size, of considerable power. It is pleasant to turn from the picture of the defaulting official of Somerset House to that of the quondam music master of Lambeth, in his declining years, seated at the organ of the church which was destined to be his last resting place.

An earlier connection with the Isle of Man is suggested by the fact that John Henry Barrow was the author of *Manks Legends*, a small collection of metrical poems from the Manx traditions published at Douglas in 1817-18, and that he wrote the words of *The Mona Melodies*, " a collection of ancient and original airs of the Isle of Man," also published at Douglas in 1821. Evidence may yet be forthcoming that

Charles Barrow took refuge in the island shortly after his flight from London, but at present this can be nothing more than a conjecture.

As we have seen, Dickens's grandfather had two brothers, William and John. William Barrow, the second son of the barber-surgeon, was made a Freeman of Bristol on April 17th, 1784, when he was described as a "scrivener." The third son, John, admitted to Colston's School on January 6th, 1773, on the nomination of "Colston's nominees," was apprenticed to Jeremiah Hill, merchant, on January 4th, 1779, and was admitted to the freedom of the city in his turn on November 3rd, 1787, being then a "merchant, late apprentice to Jeremiah Hill." Always jealous of its citizenship, Bristol forbade anyone to trade within the city walls without first becoming a freeman. It was doubtless to the youngest brother that Charles appealed in the crisis of 1810 to help make good the deficiency in his accounts. John Barrow was at that time a prosperous wool merchant in Bristol, in the civic life of which city he took a leading part. President Grateful of the Society of Merchant Venturers in 1795, he became Master of the Society in 1824. A staunch conservative in politics, he was a Sheriff of Bristol in 1816-17, Mayor in 1823-24, and an Alderman from 1828 to 1834. At first established in Park Street, he appears to have become later a partner in the firm of Barrow, Vizer & Co., wool merchants, Bath Street, Bristol. From 1815 to 1830 or later he was living at Cotham Lodge, 26 Portland Square. About the time of his mayoralty John Barrow is believed to have come to the rescue of Dickens's father, through the intermediary of the latter's brother-in-law, Thomas Culliford Barrow, in extricating the prototype of Mr. Micawber from a serious financial predicament. His name appears as "John Barrow, Esq., Bristol," in the long list of subscribers to the *Mirror of Parliament*, launched in January 1828 by another nephew, John Henry Barrow. The wool merchant lived on until July 3rd, 1841, when he died at his residence, 54 Park Street, Bristol, aged 78. From 1835 until his death he received an annual pension of 63 guineas, indicating that he was in reduced circumstances towards the close of his life.

Of John Barrow's four sons the eldest, Robert Gay Barrow, was an Alderman of Bristol from 1850 to 1874 and Mayor in 1852-53. Like his father, he took an active part in the Society of Merchant Venturers and was a prominent figure in all that went on in and about the City of Bristol, where he became known as "the jovial Alderman." He died on July 4th, 1880, at Weston-super-Mare, aged 73, and was buried in the family vault at Arno's Vale Cemetery. Another of John's sons, George Neale Barrow, was for many years Vicar of St. Nicholas, Bristol, and an Honorary Canon of Bristol Cathedral. A slow speaker with a rich, impressive voice and manner, he was often seen with his brother at civic and other banquets. From 1855 to his death in 1872 he was Rector of West Kington. A third son, James Syms Barrow, Warden of the Society of Merchant Venturers in 1833-34, died at Bristol in 1843, aged 34. Another son, Charles Withington Barrow, was apprenticed to his parents on December 16th, 1815, and received the freedom of Bristol on July 12th, 1823.

In my investigations into the maternal ancestry of Dickens I have received invaluable help from Miss Elizabeth Ralph, the Bristol City Archivist; from Mr. James Ross, M.A., the Bristol City Librarian; and from Mr. B. R. S. Megaw, F.S.A., Director of the Manx Museum, Library and Art Gallery, Douglas, Isle of Man.

DICKENS AND JOSEPH C. NEAL'S *CHARCOAL SKETCHES*

I.

By Gerald G. Grubb

IN his note entitled "Poe-Script," published in *The Dickensian* in the Spring Number, 1946,* Mr. Leo Mason quite justifiably raises a question about a statement in *The Cambridge History of American Literature* which connects Dickens with the publication of Joseph C. Neal's *Charcoal Sketches*.† Mr. Mason writes:

> Further interest to readers of *The Dickensian* in regard to *Charcoal Sketches* is provided by the statement of a writer, who, dealing with early American humourists in *The Cambridge History of American Literature* (1933) records: "The influence of Dickens is potent in 'Charcoal Sketches or Scenes in a Metropolis' (1840), by Joseph Clay Neal (1807-1847), whose work was seen through the press in England by Dickens himself."
>
> We are not aware of any evidence in support of the statement contained in the foregoing sentence, and while being possible it is nevertheless highly improbable that Dickens saw the work of Neal through the English Press.‡

The unfortunate statement of the American writer arises, no doubt, from the confusion that has surrounded the editorship of *The Picnic Papers*, which carries the following title page: *The/ Picnic Papers./ By Various Hands./ Edited by Charles Dickens, Esq./ Author of/ "The Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," etc./ With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, Phiz, etc./ In Three Volumes/ Vol. I (II, III)./ London:/ Henry Colburn, Publisher,/ Great Marlborough Street./ MDCCCXLI.*

When John Macrone, Dickens's first publisher, died and left his family in poor financial circumstances, it was decided to aid the widow through the publication of a volume of short pieces provided gratuitously by the writers. Henry Colburn became the publisher. The charitable purpose behind the work appealed to Dickens.

The plan had no more than started when it ran into stormy weather. Dickens wrote Leigh Hunt on July 19th, 1842: "Mr. Colburn exercised my duties, and accepted and rejected Papers at his most literary pleasure. I resisted this monstrous indecency in Mr. Colburn for a whole year; and then I wrote him that as it was a work of charity and I wanted his money for Mrs. Macrone, I would give him his way - which if it were my own case, and I wanted bread, I would never do. I damned his eyes (by implication and construction) at the same time."¶

Dickens wrote the preface, contributed "The Lamplighter's Story," and nominally edited the first two volumes. When the work appeared, it ran into three volumes. This third volume caused R. Shelton Mackenzie to write: "The acting editor of this collection [*The Pick-Nick Papers*], when his original material ran short, helped himself out of *Charcoal Sketches* by the late Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia . . . whose name was not mentioned in the English book . . ."‖ However, on March 29th, 1859, Dickens writing to Edmund Yates about the

* XLII, 80.
† Will D. Howe, "Early Humourists," *Cambridge History of American Literature*, II, 148-159; especially 152-153.
‡ *The Dickensian*, XLII, 80.
¶ Cumberland Clark, *Charles Dickens's Letter to Henry Colburn*, etc. (London, 1918), p.10.
‖ *Life of Charles Dickens* (Philadelphia, 1870), p. 94.

origin of *The Picnic Papers*, said: "Mr. Colburn, wanting three volumes in all for trade purposes, added a third consisting of an American reprint. Of that volume I didn't know, and don't know, anything. The other two I edited . . . ."*

Colburn's high-handed methods brought about a complete break between himself and Dickens that was never mended. When Poe reviewed *The Picnic Papers* in *Graham's Magazine*, November, 1841, he expressed his doubts that Dickens had anything to do with the work beyond contributing "The Lamplighter's Story." He also pointed out the dishonesty inherent in the title, for it led the public to suppose it to be a work of the nature of the great *Pickwick Papers*.

Thus, through a strange twist of fortune, the writer in *The Cambridge History of American Literature* can point to an English imprint as proof that the work of Neal "was seen through the press in England by Dickens himself," when, in fact, Dickens had nothing whatsoever to do with Joseph C. Neal's work.

II.

By Leo Mason

When I made mention of Dickens and J. C. Neal's *Charcoal Sketches* in my short article entitled "Poe-Script," I completely "forgot to remember" at the time of writing, that I had obtained, some years previously, the essence of Mr. Gerald G. Grubb's letter, from "The Minor Writings of Charles Dickens" compiled by Frederick G. Kitton (1900). I am obliged to Mr. Grubb for bringing the facts to my notice once again. Dickens's statement in his letter to Yates: "Mr. Colburn . . . . . added a third consisting of an American reprint. Of that volume I didn't know, and don't know, anything. The other two I edited . . . . . ", appears to settle the matter that he did not see Neal's work through the English press.

I have, however, looked into the history associated with *The Picnic Papers* very fully, and have observed some rather interesting points which I do not think have been brought out before.

Kitton states the full title of the book to be: "*The Picnic Papers, By Various Hands. Edited by Charles Dickens, etc. With illustrations by George Cruikshank, Phiz, etc.*" He then goes on to say: "It was published in three volumes (post octavo, green cloth) by Henry Colburn in 1841. The first two illustrations are etchings by Cruikshank, which are followed by six others bearing the familiar signature of 'Phiz'; the six plates in the third volume are the work of R. J. Hamerton. 'The Lamplighter's Story' occupies pp. 1-32. Collation: Vol. I, pp. vi, one unnumbered page, and pp. 323 (four illustrations); Vol. II, one unnumbered page and pp. 298 (four illustrations); Vol. III, pp. 378 (six illustrations)." In writing about the history of the book, Kitton mentions that besides contributing "The Lamplighter," "Dickens found time not only to write a Preface, but to edit the entire contents of the work." He then quotes the Dickens-Yates letter which he points out "effectually disposes of a libellous statement in Dr. Mackenzie's *Life of Dickens* (1870), where he is accused of having helped himself, when matter ran short, out of *Charcoal Sketches* by J. C. Neal, of Philadelphia, without so much as acknowledging the source of his material!"

In a copy of *The Picnic Papers*, which lies before me as I write, the contents of the original three volumes are bound up in a single

* *The Letters of Charles Dickens*, National Library Edition (New York, n.d.), II, 13.

volume. The title page reads : *The Picnic Papers, by Charles Dickens, W. H. Maxwell, Thomas Moore, Miss Strickland, Horace Smith, Leitch Ritchie and other celebrated writers. Edited by Charles Dickens, Esq., author of "The Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," etc., with illustrations by George Cruikshank and Phiz. London. Ward and Lock,* 158 *Fleet Street.* The book contains the two illustrations by Cruikshank and the six by Phiz mentioned by Kitton but does not contain the preface, nor the six illustrations by R. J. Hamerton.

Dividing the book into three sections, the first portion is made up mainly of stories by the above-named authors together with others by Harrison Ainsworth, Allan Cunningham, etc. Both the Cruikshank pictures and two by Phiz illustrate this portion. The last portion is composed entirely of two long stories, "Esther" and "Count Ludwig," the authors of which are not named. The remaining middle portion comprises, presumably, *The Charcoal Sketches*, about nineteen short stories or sketches. The author is not named but four of the sketches are illustrated by Phiz ; they all appear to have been written by the same hand and have an American flavour.

By the courtesy of the Editor of *The Dickensian*, I also have before me his first edition copy of *The Picnic Papers*, in the original three volumes, the contents of which conform to the description given above, plus a preface and six illustrations by R. J. Hamerton.

With the foregoing in mind it is interesting to note that a pirated edition of *Picnic Papers* was published in America by Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, in 1841, but it was published in two volumes only ; a reprint of Vol. I and III of the original edition. Moreover, the American publishers added a footnote to the original preface, in which they stated : "The American volume alluded to above contains the *Charcoal Sketches*, written by our townsman Neal. It being a copyright volume, it is not of course reprinted among these papers. Its notice by the author of *The Pickwick Papers* will, no doubt, extend, in this country, the circulation of Mr. Neal's Sketches."

It is quite obvious that *Charcoal Sketches* were contained in Vol. II and illustrated by Phiz (with whom we associate Dickens). Mr. F. G. Kitton and Mr. Gerald G. Grubb state that Dickens wrote the preface and edited the first two volumes. Dickens in his letter to Yates (Mar. 29th, 1859) by stating that Colburn added a third, etc., also gives the impression that he edited the first two volumes. If this be so, Dickens must have edited *Charcoal Sketches.*

However, with regard to the note appended to the preface in the American edition, this refers to the following passage which occurs in the original preface (the authorship of which has been accredited to Dickens) : "They produced among themselves two volumes of this work, to which a third has since been appended from an American source." But Dickens, it has been shown, denied having the slightest knowledge of this American volume, either before or after publication, it therefore follows that he did not edit the first two volumes, as published, neither did he write the preface.

Mr. Ralph Straus, in his *Charles Dickens—A Portrait in Pencil* (1928) says : "It seems to be generally assumed that Dickens did not himself make the original suggestion for *The Picnic Papers*, but responded to appeals put forth on Mrs. Macrone's behalf—quite conceivably in the first place by Colburn." This statement does not appear to be correct and is disproved by the following letter (one of several) sent out by Dickens to various writers. Writing to Allan Cunningham from Doughty Street, February 12th, 1838, he says : "(Mrs. Macrone's) distressing circumstances having become known to Mr. Ainsworth and myself . . . some small collection of papers in one volume. Mr. George Cruikshank has kindly offered his gratuitous assistance in

illustrating the book. For its literary contents we can appeal only to those who were on any occasion connected, however slightly, with poor Mr. Macrone in business . . . May we venture to ask . . . your assistance with any trifle from your pen ? . . . I may add that besides lending our humble assistance in the same way, we are willing to take upon ourselves the entire arrangement of the volume and to negotiate for *its sale and publication.*"

It will be noted that Ainsworth and Dickens were the prime movers and a publisher had not yet been decided upon at the date stated.

Three years later in a letter to Colburn, from Devonshire Terrace, April 1st, 1841, Dickens says : " I content myself with asserting my right as Editor of the book to choose the matter for its pages, and denying any authority on your part to interfere with my selection . . . I have therefore to request that you will, in reply to this, send me back the manuscript of Mr. Landor's which you refuse to print . . . This done, the Printer will receive my tale, and the book will be completed."

Dickens sent a copy of this letter to Forster asking him to preserve it, and in an added note, referred to Colburn as " this sneaking vagabond."

To sum up, it would appear that Dickens and Ainsworth originally conceived the idea of publishing a collection of short stories by various writers in *one volume.* They obtained the services of several well-known authors and later enlisted Colburn as publisher. Colburn ignored Dickens's office as self-appointed Editor and brought out the work in three volumes entirely according to his own ideas. Dickens and Ainsworth honoured their bonds by each contributing a short story. Colburn made free use of Dickens's name as Editor, etc., on the title pages of each of the three volumes because of its obvious value, but Dickens himself who had started off with such good intentions had lost all interest in the work, because of " the sneaking vagabond," at the time of publication.

Dickens might be said to have nominally edited Vol. I which, it is interesting to notice, does not contain any advertisements at the end The other two volumes each contain three or four pages of advertisements of " Mr. Colburn's new publications," from which it is learned that " Esther," one of the stories in the third volume, was written by Horace Smith of " Rejected Addresses " fame. The illustrations by R. J. Hamerton are well executed line drawings but there would not appear to be any record of the artist himself.

One would have thought that, as one of the projectors of the book, William Harrison Ainsworth might have figured more prominently ; he contributed a fragment entitled " The Old London Merchant." Incidentally, S. M. Ellis, in his " Life " of Ainsworth, makes rather a curious statement when he says : " Ainsworth reissued in Ainsworth's Magazine (1846). . . Sir Lionel Flamstead (The Old London Merchant) with Cruikshank's illustration, which had appeared with the sketch in *The Picnic Papers,* 1841." The fact of the matter is, that Cruikshank only contributed two illustrations, one to illustrate " The Lamplighter " (frontispiece) and the other entitled " The Volunteer's Disaster " illustrated an incident in a story called " The Battle of Garscube," by an unnamed author.

Finally, Edgar Allan Poe was very near the truth when he said that he did not think that Dickens had anything to do with the work beyond contributing " The Lamplighter." His remarks about the title are rather " cute " and the whole of his review would be of interest. There *is* a slight tinge of Dickens in the style of the writing in *Charcoal Sketches* and both R. Shelton Mackenzie and William D. Howe are to be excused for their statements because they have taken the

American edition of *Picnic Papers* as their authority. Moreover, Dickens's statement to Yates, " Mr. Colburn wanting three volumes in all, for trade purposes, *added* a third consisting of an American reprint " coupled with the statement in the preface, " to which a third has since been *appended* from an American source " are misleading and give the impression that the extra volume was literally Vol. III, whereas in fact it was Vol. II. As Tony Weller might have observed, it would have been better if " a more tenderer word " had been used ! The question now arises, for what reason did Colburn " interpose " the volume of *Charcoal Sketches*. Had he obtained Neal's permission to use them on the pretext that their " notice " by Dickens would extend their circulation in Neal's own country ? Did Poe not make any reference to them in his review of *Picnic Papers*, and was it after Colburn had published " The Sketches " in *The Picnic Papers* that Neal was dubbed with the title of " The American Dickens " ?

A partial answer to the foregoing is derived from a perusal of the four illustrations contributed by " Phiz " to the volume containing *Charcoal Sketches*. I notice it is stated at the foot of each illustration : " Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1840." This means that Colburn had either published or intended to publish " The Sketches " in book form a year before they appeared in *Picnic Papers*.

KEY TO DICKENSIAN ANAGRAMS on page 30.

1. Barnacle (*L.D.*)
2. Snawley (*N.N.*)
3. Skimpole (*B.H.*)
4. Snubbin (*P.P.*)
5. Steerforth (*D.C.*)
6. Sowerberry (*O.T.*)
7. Rogue Riderhood (*O.M.F.*)
8. Mark Tapley (*M.C.*)
9. Carker (*D. & S.*)
10. Mantalini (*N.N.*)
11. Smallweed (*B.H.*)
12. Bob Sawyer (*P.P.*)
13. Murdstone (*D.C.*)
14. Bedwin (*O.T.*)
15. Bella Wilfer (*O.M.F.*)
16. Sarah Gamp (*M.C.*)
17. Vholes (*B.H.*)
18. Walter Gay (*D. & S.*)
19. Rosa Dartle (*D.C.*)
20. Bill Sikes (*O.T.*)
21. Veneering (*O.M.F.*)
22. Chuffey (*M.C.*)
23. Susan Nipper (*D. & S.*)
24. Littimer (*D.C.*)
25. Losberne (*O.T.*)
26. Alfred Lammle (*O.M.F.*)
27. Macstinger (*D. & S.*)
28. Meagles (*L.D.*)
29. Crummles (*N.N.*)
30. Tulkinghorn (*B H.*)
31. Mr. F.'s Aunt (*L.D.*)
32. Cheeryble (*N.N.*)
33. Traddles (*D.C.*)
34. Merdle (*L.D.*)
35. Rose Maylie (*O.T.*)
36. Silas Wegg (*O.M.F.*)

NOTES ON *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*

By T. W. Hill

(*Continued from page* 166, 1949)

3. FLIGHT OF CROWS . . . WHEELING. It is probable that Dickens meant rooks, as crows are usually seen either singly or in pairs; "more than a pair are seldom seen together" (*Birds of Britain*).

4. TWELVE MILES. This distance fixes the place where Nicholas met Crummles; Petersfield is twelve miles from Cosham on the outskirts of Portsmouth. The inn is now a cottage. (See Dexter's *England of Dickens*).

5. INEXPRESSIBLES. One of the many Victorian euphemisms for trousers.

6. *Encore*. This French word (again) had not yet become acclimatised as English and so is printed in italics as a foreign word. The French usually use *bis*.

7. WHITEY-BROWN. An excellent description of the peculiar buff-colour of the paper in which the grocers of the period packed the sugar, etc., in conical bags. Tobacconists also packed loose tobacco and snuff in it.

8. APOTHECARY IN ROMEO AND JULIET. This character, a poor simple creature—"meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bone"—does not appear in the play until the last act; he is only on the stage for a few minutes, and has only four sentences to say, with a total of fifty-three words. The selection of this rôle for Smike shews that Crummles was a psychologist as well as a keen observer.

9. FRONT GROOVES O. P. The grooves in which the side sections of scenery run.

10. SEALING-WAX ON THE STEM OF HIS PIPE. The mouth end of clay pipes (short ones as well as "churchwardens") was dipped in sealing-wax to prevent the unglazed clay from chafing the lips of the smoker; the wax on being worn off by the teeth could be respread by softening the wax by heat.

11. TIMOUR THE TARTAR. A play by Matthew G. Lewis ("Monk Lewis") produced 1811 and thereafter frequently; an especial favourite with travelling companies and in toy theatres as it has all the accepted ingredients of transpontine melodrama; love and hatred, vice and virtue, revenge and retribution, shouts of defiance and trumpets, blue fire, gorgeous raiment, and equestrian exhibition, together with slow music.

12. THE LAMPS. The footlights; in small theatres they were often candles.

CHAPTER XXIII

1. FOUR-WHEELED PHAETON. An open carriage that received its name from Phaeton, the son of Helios, who drove the chariot of the Sun.

2. DRAWBRIDGE. This drawbridge spanned the Port Creek at the entrance to Portsea Island. When the boundaries of the borough were extended some years ago to include Cosham, a fine wide viaduct was constructed to carry the handsome road over the Creek, and the drawbridge has become only a memory to the oldest inhabitants.

3. THEATRE. The site of the old theatre in High Street is now covered by the Cambridge Barracks, erected 1854. For an excellent account of these Portsmouth references in the book see Dexter's *The England of Dickens*.

4. HAIL YOU AS A PROMISING MEMBER. The reader may legitimately wonder how Mrs. Crummles knew that Nicholas was accompanying her husband; how she knew he wished to join the company; there is no record that Mr. Crummles had written to her.

5. GIN AND WATER. It is an old superstition that gin prevents growth in children, but apart from its unsuitability as a diet for the young, its efficacy seems doubtful.

6. WELL, TOMMY. Tommy must have been a familiar and intimate name for Mr. Folair; in Chapter XXIX when acting in a formal capacity as the carrier of a challenge he is called Augustus.

7. A PART OF TWELVE LENGTHS. In the theatrical world a length is a "part" consisting of forty lines, either consecutive or detached: therefore twelve lengths is four hundred and eighty lines.

8. FIGURE RATHER RUNNING TO SEED. All gardeners know that when a plant, especially a pot-herb, runs to seed its strength is used up in developing the seed and so the remainder of the plant suffers. Hence the figurative use of the term for a person who looks exhausted or worn out.

9. RETICULE. Originally a handbag of netted (reticulated) silk. Now any handbag.

10. MORTAL STRUGGLE; INTRIGUE; WAYS AND MEANS.

(*a*) Mortal Struggle is not yet traced, and may be a fictitious title;

(*b*) Intrigue is a play by John Poole;

(*c*) Ways and Means, or a Trip to Dover, is a play by George Colman the Younger, produced 1788, with Mrs. Kemble in the cast.

11. "One Bulph, a pilot," has been identified by W. H. Saunders, author of *The Annals of Portsmouth*, with Watkins, a Trinity pilot, who lived in St. Thomas's Street.

12. SAINT THOMAS'S STREET. Close to the theatre; see note 3 above.

13. PEMBROKE TABLE. A table with two hinged drop-leaves, introduced about the middle of the eighteenth century and named after an Earl of Pembroke.

14. ROVER. A character who might well appear in any melodramatic play of the Georgian era.

15. CASSIO. In "Othello"; Crummles evidently intended to make as much use as possible of Nicholas; "one part helps the other."

16. JEREMY DIDDLER. The chief character in Kenney's farce "Raising the Wind" (1803); his method was that of continually borrowing small sums of money which he did not repay; in other words, a cheat, a swindler; hence the word diddler has passed into common slang, together with the verb to diddle.

CHAPTER XXIV

1. DARK LANTERN. An apparent contradiction of terms. A lantern, usually a hand-lantern, whose light can be obscured by the use of a movable screen.

2. THROW A DAMP. The modern form of this expression is "throw, or cast, a damper."

3. LOMBARD STREET. A turning out of St. Thomas's Street; see note 12, Chapter XXIII.

4. COMPANION SMALLS. Smalls, like inexpressibles, noticed above (Chapter XXII, note 5) means knickerbockers. Companion refers to the diminutive top-boots with which they were to be worn.

5. PORTRAITS OF STERNE. Especially that by Sir Joshua Reynolds: "slyly humorous, but not so roguish as in the engravings by Gainsborough."

6. UNITIES OF THE DRAMA. In Greek drama the three Unities were: Unity of Time, by which not more than twenty-four hours was supposed to pass; Unity of Place, by which the scene must change; and Unity of Action, securing that there is no independent under-plot irrelevant to the main argument. Compare these with Mr. Curdles's "sort of general oneness."

CHAPTER XXV

1. HELEN MACGREGOR. Wife of Rob Roy MacGregor; one of the characters in the operatic drama of that name, based on Scott's novel *Rob Roy*, by J. Pocock, produced at Covent Garden in 1818 and frequently revived during the nineteenth century.

2. FAT GREEN COTTON ONE (UMBRELLA). This must have been one of the first appearances of the more famous Mrs. Gamp's weapon.

3. ARRIVAL OF THE FLY. The name fly for a light vehicle was first used at Brighton in 1816; it was originally drawn or pushed by a man, and the name was gradually extended to any carriage or cab let out on hire.

4. THEATRICAL . . . BROWN GEORGE. Probably an immense full-bottomed wig overflowing neck and shoulders. No self-respecting actor in melodrama would appear in anything less monstrous and striking.

5. COLLECTOR FOLLOWED BY HIS SECOND. Of course, Dickens means the collector's Best Man or Groomsman; calling him a Second seems to hint that marriage is a contest rather than a partnership.

6. WHO CALLS SO LOUD ? The Apothecary's opening words in "Romeo and Juliet," Act V, Sc. 7 :

"Enter the Apothecary :

Who calls so loud ?

Romeo : Come hither, man, I see that thou art poor. . . .
Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes."

Poor Smike, how appropriate. (See also Chapter XXII, note 8.)

CHAPTER XXVI

1. RALPH'S HARD, HORNY HAND. This is figurative for Ralph Nickleby's hard and grinding disposition. His hand could not have been literally horny or hard, for he never did anything to make his hands other than soft and silky.

2. TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE IF HE HAS A BROKEN WINDOW. Mrs. Nickleby, with her usual inconsequence, mixes up the association of the punishment to which a person was liable for breaking a window (burgling) with a coachman whose vehicle has a broken window. Transportation was abolished in 1867.

3. CORN LAWS. Laws restricting the importation of cereals in order to help home agriculture. The price of wheat thus became an index of national prosperity. The Corn Laws were repealed in 1846.

4. OMNIBUS. The name Omnibus is said to be of French origin (1827); the first vehicle to have the word painted on its side was that of George Shillibeer who ran the service in 1829 from Paddington to the Bank.

CHAPTER XXVII

1. MILD HALF-AND-HALF. A mixture of beer containing Mild ale and Bitter ale in equal proportions.

2. WINE IN : TRUTH OUT. Latin : In vino veritas.

3. ITALIAN IMAGE BOY. Itinerant merchants who carried (often on their heads) trays of plaster busts and small classical figures : the cheaper kinds were made of chalk or whiting.

CHAPTER XXVIII

1. THE LADY FLABELLA. A capital skit on the fashionable spineless effeminate novel of the period. Mrs. Gore was one of the most prolific authors of these effusions.

2. KENSINGTON GRAVEL PITS. The district west of Notting Hill Gate and Latimer Road. Now covered with streets, constructed after about 1820.

3. I AM YOUNG. Kate must have been under sixteen years of age ; she was fourteen when her mother brought her and Nicholas to London. (See Chapter I.)

CHAPTER XXIX

1. AS A MUTUAL FRIEND. Mutual, the correct meaning of which is reciprocal, is here used, improperly, for a friend of two different people. Fowler says that it is due to Dickens's use of this meaning that is responsible for its currency, but it had become fairly common long before his time.

2. WHITY-BROWN PAPER CURIOUSLY FOLDED. Apparently a "cocked hat" note of the paper usually used by grocers for packing sugar, etc.

3. BY FAVOUR OF AUGUSTUS FOLAIR, ESQ. Mr. Folair was Tommy in Chapter XXIII.

4. NEVER GETTING A HAND. In theatrical parlance to get a hand, or to give a hand, as a term for a round of applause is as old as Shakespeare, whose uses the phrase in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V, Sc. 1 : "Give me your hands if we be friends," and also in the Epilogue to "The Tempest" :

"Release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands."

5. TYBALT WITH A REAL SWORD. The swords used in "fit-up" theatrical companies were, of course, usually "property" weapons and harmless. Hence Lenville's spiteful threat.

6. SHOWN THE WHITE FEATHER. A white feather in a game-cock's tail is regarded as a sign of inferior breeding, and, as a corollary, a sign of cowardice.

7. IF IT WERE DONE AT ALL. . . . A slight paraphrase of the well-known passage in "Macbeth":

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

(Act I, Sc. 7.)

CHAPTER XXX

1. LET HE AND I. This should of course read, "Let him and me." Another grammatical slip of the same kind occurs in Chapter LIII.

2. IN ALL THEIR BORN DAYS. An old colloquialism for an entire lifetime, emphasising all one's days since birth.

3. AT THE COBURG. This theatre, in the Waterloo Road, was built in 1818 and named in complement to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. In 1833 its name was changed to the Victoria, after the Princess who became Queen. It was the home of melodrama, usually called "transpontine," as that type of entertainment flourished on the Surrey side of the Thames, "across the bridge." The Victoria gradually became known affectionately to its devotees as the "Old Vic" about 1900-1910.

4. BOURNE FROM WHENCE NO TRAVELLER RETURNS. Mr. Snevellicci uses this phrase correctly. It is sometimes applied to Tyburn, or Tybourn, the place of execution for felons. But it comes from Shakespeare; in the following passage bourne is used in its now obsolete meaning of limit or boundary:

"The dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

("Hamlet," Act III, Sc. 1.)

5. BROAD COURT, BOW STREET. This small thoroughfare joins Bow Street to Drury Lane and runs parallel to Long Acre and very handy for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. It is now a street of offices and business premises.

CHAPTER XXXI

1. PORTRAIT OF MR. CANNING. George Canning, the famous Prime Minister, died 1827.

CHAPTER XXXII

1. OLD DUTCH PAINTER. In his description of the confusion of the contents of the shop windows, Dickens may have been thinking either of Daniel Teniers the Younger (1610-90), who is represented in the National Gallery by several paintings of interiors, containing an array of articles of furniture, household utensils, etc.; or of Adriaan Jansz van Ostade (1610-85) who was noted for his dark interiors; one painting particularly, The Alemymist, is a wonderful jumble of all the implements and furniture used in alchemy.

CHAPTER XXXIII

1. NOGGS . . . HAD RETURNED HOME LONG BEFORE. Newman had taken Mrs. Nickleby to the theatre and according to the previous chapter was not expected back before midnight; Mrs. Nickleby also was not expected home until twelve o'clock or later. Did Newman take her home before the end of the performance in order to return long before the time agreed upon?

2. HORSES HAPPENED TO LIVE AT WHITECHAPEL. Between Aldgate and Mile End there were, and are, several stables, as the road is the main outward artery from London for the Eastern counties.

3. CEILING WHITEWASHED . . . EIGHTEENPENCE. The cost of such house repairs has risen considerably since those days.

4. BAG WIG LIKE A BLACK WATCH-POCKET. The watch-pocket referred to was customarily hung over the head of the bed and resembled in shape the money-bags sometimes used for collections in churches and chapels.

5. FEW ARTICLES OF FURNITURE. The Nicklebys apparently regarded these articles as their own although they really belonged to Ralph; Newman Noggs had "hunted up the old furniture . . . from attic or cellar." (See Chapter XI.)

CHAPTER XXXIV

1. DEAF AS A DEMNITION POST. In the search for analogies for deafness many have been invented from time to time; here are a few:

As deaf as a door (rare).
As deaf as a doornail (fairly common).
As deaf as a beetle (Surrey dialect).
As deaf as a haddock (Cornish dialect).
As deaf as an adder (see also Chapter XLVII, note 2).

As deaf as a post is probably the most common of all; it is constantly quoted:

"I thereat seemde dumme and deaffe as post."
Churchyard: *Chippes* (1575).

"Who, you know, is as deaf as a post."
Sheridan: *School for Scandal* (1777).

2. POPOLORUM TIBBY. Tibby appears to be an allusion to Mantalini's "kitten-like playfulness" with the stray sovereign. Popolorum may be a mixture of "Poppy" or "Poppet" as a term of endearment and the "Hi. Cockolorum," a cry in the boys' game of leap-frog known as Mount Nag or Jump Little Nagtail: "Hi, Cockolorum, one, two, three."

3. TIP-TOP SAWYER. A top-sawyer is the man in the upper position in a saw-pit and acts as leader or foreman. Figuratively, anyone specially skilled at his job; a tip-top sawyer is one of super-excellence.

4. CRAFTY HUNKS. The word Hunks for a miser or a sordid stingy person has been current for about two hundred years and appears in the *Tatler*.

CHAPTER XXXV

1. HAILING AN OMNIBUS. This was in the days when omnibuses really "plied" for hire and would stop anywhere on request. The requirements of modern traffic have caused the introduction of fixed stopping-places.

2. QUIET SHADY LITTLE SQUARE. All attempts to identify this quiet retreat have been fruitless, although guesses have been made to associate Billiter Square, between Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street, with the spot. Mr. Cheeryble took Nicholas from the Bank along Threadneedle Street and through "some lanes and passages on the right until they at length emerged in a quiet shady little square." And then Dickens quietly drops the trail. Dexter thought that "at about the junction of Threadneedle Street and Bishopsgate undoubtedly stood City Square," while Beresford Chancellor "prefers Billiter Square"; Pemberton, Allbut, Gadd and others make no attempt at identification. If Billiter Square was in Dickens's mind, how was it there is no mention, after the "lanes and passages," of crossing such main thoroughfares as Bishopsgate, Cornhill or Gracechurch Street?

Is it possible to identify *one* place with all the associations given in the course of the story? Here they are: Chapter XXXV—"There's not such a spring in England as the pump under the archway." Chapter LVII—"The City Square has no enclosure, save the lamp-post in the middle, and no grass but the weeds which spring up round its base . . . footsteps on the smooth stones . . . clock of some old, hidden, unknown church hard by." Chapter XL—"I can buy new-laid eggs in Leadenhall market any morning before breakfast." Chapter LX—Ralph went with Tim by coach to the square, "arrived at their place of destination, Ralph followed his conductor into the house." Chapter LXI—"There isn't such a burying-ground in all London as that little one on the other side of the square." Chapter LXIII—The Cheerybles sent a coach to Bow to fetch Mrs. Nickleby and the "old butler received them."

The City square therefore had a lamp-post, a pump nearby, a smooth stone pavement, a church not far away, a roadway sufficiently wide to accommodate a (hackney) coach, and a burying-ground adjutting on to it; and finally it was near enough to Leadenhall market for early morning

shopping. It could not have been Billiter Square, and Dickens was apparently following a not unusual practice with him in painting a composite picture, introducing the various features as he wanted them for his story.

3. CASK OF SUGAR. Sugar is not now usually imported in casks; it is packed in gunny bags.

CHAPTER XXXVI

1. MUFFLE THE KNOB. Modern custom has abolished this mode of announcing the imminent arrival of an addition to the family. The whole of this chapter deserves careful reading as it perpetuates former traditional manners.

2. ALL FRIENDS HERE. In other words, "there need be no secrets."

3. TAKE 'EM AWAY TO THE FONDLING. Cockneys always spoke of the Foundling Hospital in Bloomsbury as the Fondling; perhaps by association of nursing children and fondling them.

4. HYSETERS. Anglicé oysters. Another Cockney pronunciation.

CHAPTER XXXVII

1. TICKET-PORTER . . . WHITE APRON. The short white apron of the old-fashioned ticket-porter was a relic of the old times when a man's calling was known by his clothes. (cf. clerical collars, butchers' blue-striped apron, dustmen's "sou'-western" hats, etc., etc.)

2. HIDDEN CHURCH. See Chapter XXXV, note 2.

3. HORSE GUARDS. Originally the guard-house of the palace of Whitehall. On the establishment of the Horse Guards (*i.e.* the cavalry brigade of the Household Troops) it became their guard-house and barracks. Later, while remaining a guard-house, it became the headquarters of the whole Army organisation and that of the Commander-in-Chief and the military authorities, as distinct from the Secretary of State for War and the civil authorities. The fact that the Household Cavalry still perform the duties of the Guard helps to keep the name in popular use. The clock in the surmounting turret was the standard of correct time until Big Ben in the Palace of Westminster was erected.

4. WAFERS, POUNCE-BOX, FIRE-BOX. The old implements usually to be found on a writing table:

wafers, small discs of flour paste, coloured, for fastening envelopes.
pounce, pulverised cuttle-shell rubbed on parchment to prepare the surface for writing.
fire-box, a tinder-box for producing a flame to light the candle for use with sealing-wax.

5. BLIND BLACKBIRD . . . IN A LARGE SNUG CAGE. It used to be the cruel practice to blind captive blackbirds in the belief that they sang better if they could not see.

6. BLUNDERBUSS. The forerunner of the modern rifle; its curious name has no reference to its blunders although it certainly was not a particularly accurate weapon, but is an English adaptation of its Dutch name, *donderbus* meaning thunder-tube.

7. CYPHERING BOOK. The book in which school-boys used to work out their problems in arithmetic.

8. FAT SWAN TASTEFULLY FLOURISHED. Writing masters, in the days of the supple nibs of the quill pens, placed great importance on skill in flourishes and scroll embellishments, often working into them heads of animals and birds; the swan with its graceful neck and outspread wings was a favourite. It may be seen nowadays in the advertisement of a well-known fountain pen.

9. APOPLECTIC BUTLER. Dickens liked to coin epithets; in *Our Mutual Friend* the Veneerings' butler became "The Analytical Chemist"; in *Little Dorrit* Mr. Merdle, as if he were Pharaoh, had a "Chief Butler"; David Copperfield's page-boy was "The Avenger"; and so on.

10. BORDERS (OF NIGHTCAP) ARE SMALL-PLAITED. That is, having narrow pleats, as with Ralph Nickleby's shirt-frill in Chapter II.

11. LIKE A BLUE COAT BOY. The dress of the Blue Coat School (Christ's Hospital founded 1553) is a survival of the original costume and included a small worsted cap.

12. DANIEL LAMBERT. Lived 1770 to 1809. At the age of twenty-three he weighed 32 stone, and at his death 52 stone.

13. MISS BIFFIN . . . HAD ONLY TOES. A miniature-painter born in 1784 without arms or legs, who held the pencil or brush between her teeth; she also cut out paper patterns with a machine attached to her chin and nose. She exhibited at fairs, and died 1850. Dickens often mentions her, and there is a reference to her without name in one of his earliest books, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

14. NO LANGUAGE OF VEGETABLES. A sly hit at the Language of Flowers which, although it arose in the East, strongly appealed to the sentimental side of the Victorians. Many little guides to the Language of Flowers were in every young lady's personal treasures. The best book on the subject is John Ingram's *Flora Symbolica: Language and Sentiment of Flowers* (1852).

15. A MUSICAL GLASS. The instrument known as "Musical Glasses" consists of a row of glass tumblers tuned to the successive notes of the scale by filling them more or less with water; the rims can be rubbed by a resined finger-tip. At one time popular with "drawing-room entertainers" but nowadays almost confined to itinerant musicians.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

1. CONDUCTOR . . . ON HIS LITTLE SHELF. The little shelf was the bottom circular step of the upright ladder leading to the top of the vehicle, and the conductor balanced himself precariously by holding on to a strap.

2. MENTOR. The son of Alcimus; he was responsible for the education of Telemachus, the son of Ulysses. See Odyssey.

3. PIQUET. A card game, of French origin, for two players; only thirty-two cards are used. The term *Carte blanche* comes from this game and is used if there is no Court card in the hand at the first deal.

4. ROLLED INTO THE KENNEL. The kennel was the gutter and has no real connexion with the dogs mentioned, and has a different derivation.

5. DOWN THE UMBRELLA. This should read "up the umbrella," that is, from the ferule to the handle which was hooked into Smike's collar.

6. LABOURER WITH A HOD OF BRICKS. 8-45 p.m. seems a curious hour for a labourer to be carrying a hod full of bricks, unless possibly he was working overtime.

7. A HANGING MATTER. Up to 1823 no less than two hundred offences could be punished by death, including a theft of £2 in a house. Since 1861 the death penalty is incurred by only four types of crime. Squeers's allusion to "an anatomy one" probably is used to add to Smike's terror by threatening "drawing and quartering."

8. CHECK STRING. A string attached to the arm of the driver of a carriage or cab and hanging down inside the vehicle. It can be jerked by the occupant to attract the attention of the driver.

9. TWO SONS (IN LAW). Dickens's usual term for stepsons. Snawley describes himself in Chapter IV as "not their father . . . only their father-in-law." See also chapter viii, note 10.

10. NEW SETTLEMENT ADJOINING SOMERS TOWN. This may refer to the streets round Seymour Street close to Euston Station (opened 1837) which had gradually arisen since Somers Town began to be laid out about 1790.

11. MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS. The earliest use of this phrase quoted in the *New English Dictionary* is from Shakespeare:

> "Yet do I fear thy nature;
> It is too full of the milk of human kindness."
>
> ("Macbeth," Act I, Sc. 5.)

12. HEART SUNK WITHIN HIM. The verb should of course be "sank."

CHAPTER XXXIX

1. TO HAVE SEEN MISS SQUEERS. This paragraph gives a vivid description of the middle-class costume of the period, on high days and holidays.

(*To be continued*)

FROM RECENT BOOKS

Louis B. Frewer, M.A.
(Bodliae Library)

DICKENS AND THE MEDIUM

" . . . Mrs. Thomas Milner Gibson, whose social gifts had made her a well-known figure in more than one European capital. ' That impulsive, compassionate, affectionate woman,' Dickens characterised her (adding confidentially to their mutual friend Mrs. Lynn Linton, England's first woman journalist, ' but as to the strength of her head——? ').

" A strongly disapproving guest at Mrs. Gibson's séances was the Cassandra-like Mrs. Linton, whose spectacles flashed fire every time she contemplated her misguided friend's latest protégé.

" Since there were times when she felt as if the whole world were going mad except herself, it was with deep thankfulness that she found a supporter in Charles Dickens. Dickens violently abominated Home without ever having met him or attended a séance, on grounds which he explained as follows :

Gad's Hill Place,
Kent, 16th September, 1860.

My dear Mrs. Linton,

. . . I hold personal inquiry on my part into these proceedings to be out of the question for two reasons. Firstly, because the conditions under which such inquiries take place . . . are preposterously wanting in the commonest securities against deceit or mistake. Secondly, because the people lie so very hard, both concerning which did take place and what impression it made at the time on the inquirer.

Mr. Hume, or Home (I rather think he has gone by both names), I take the liberty of regarding as an imposter . . . But be assured that if he were demonstrated a humbug in every microscopic cell of his skin and globule of his blood, the disciples would still believe and worship.

Believe me ever faithfully your true friend,

Charles Dickens.*

" Another sore point was that he had to be constantly on guard against traps to lure him to a séance. Once he was invited to a most innocent-sounding dinner at Lord Dufferin's, only to discover the plot at the last moment. Another time, when he was a guest at Knebworth, Lytton cornered him to ask why he would not at least investigate the *worth-while* mediums ? Such as whom, Dickens asked with a slightly hunted air. Such as Mr. Home, Lytton replied imperturbably. And what a pity Mr. Dickens had not arrived a little earlier ! For Home, by a coincidence, had just that morning left.

" In vain did his friends argue that Dickens, a clever amateur magician himself, was the very man to introduce those securities against deceit whose absence he deplored. He was not to be moved. ' Afraid of the truth, of course,' said Mrs. Browning pityingly, ' having deeply committed himself to negatives. Dickens, too, who is so fond of ghost-stories, as long as they are impossible ! '

" The last point interested others. There had been, for instance, that surprising episode at Genoa when Dickens rescued an Englishwoman from the unwelcome attentions of a phantom, by exorcism ; he also claimed a form of prevision, and believed that the spirit of his sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, who came to him in numberless vivid dreams, was usually somewhere near him. John Bigelow, the United States Minister to France, meeting him at a dinner party in Boston a few years later, remarked tolerantly that ' if Dickens had not been a trifle superstitious himself, he probably would not have felt and spoken with so much vehemence against poor Home.' As Home had revisited the States in the interval, Dickens was asked many questions about him and responded with gusto, using ' all the hard names he could lay his tongue to, " ruffian " and " scoundrel " being two which I particularly remember.'

" Bigelow interposed mildly (he had Swedenborgian leanings) that some quite good minds took Home seriously : Bulwer Lytton, for one, seemed to have great faith in him. Oh, yes, Dickens returned quickly : ' but you see

* G. S. Layard : " Mrs. Lynn Linton, her life, letters, and opinions."

Bulwer is deaf and he does not like to have it remarked ; so Home would say,

" ' " Do you hear those raps ? " And Bulwer would say,

" ' " Oh yes, I heard them per-fect-ly."

" ' And this Dickens pronounced so exactly as Bulwer since his deafness pronounced, as to convulse the whole table with laughter.'*

" On February 15th, 1866, he [Home] delivered a lecture on ' Spiritualism, its uses and abuses ' . . . Mr. W. G. Wills, reporting the affair for Dickens's *All The Year Round*, pictured Home . . . as ' a tall, thin, cadaverous man with long yellow hair. His teeth are large, glittering, and sharp ; his eyes are a pale grey ; the hands long, white, and bony. When he shows his glittering sharp teeth, and that red rim comes round his slowly rolling eyes, he is not a pleasant sight to look upon.'

" ' ST. JAMES'S THEATRE : The popular drama " The Jealous Wife," will be performed on Monday, July 5th, on which occasion MR. DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME will make his first appearance in the character of " Mr. Oakley." '

" Even this did not materialise (indisposition was given as the reason), but the sight of the notices on the hoardings roused Dickens to the last pitch of exasperation.

July 25th, 1866.

My dear Trollope,

. . . Mr. Home . . . after trying to come out as an actor, first at Fechter's (where I had the honour of stopping him short), and then at the St. James's Theatre under Miss Herbert (where he was twice announced, and each time very mysteriously disappeared from the bills), was announced at the little theatre in Dean Street, Soho, as ' a great attraction for one night only ' to play last Monday. An appropriate dirty little rag of a bill, fluttering in the window of an obscure dairy behind the Strand, gave me this intelligence last Saturday. It is like enough that even that striking business did not come off, for I believe the public to have found out the scoundrel : in which lively and sustaining hope this leaves me at present,

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS."†

—" Heyday of a Wizard : Daniel Home the Medium," by Jean Burton. (Harrap.)

* * * * *

LONDON AGAIN

" It was an age of philanthropy curiously mixed with savagery, for English prisons and the English penal law were both in a shocking state. Offences meriting the death sentence numbered over two hundred, and the conditions of English prisons—of which the South Bank housed two of the most notorious—grew steadily more corrupt and barbarous until exposed by the pen of Dickens.

" Colonisation and Empire, . . . the Reform Bill, . . . Wilberforce and the abolition of slavery, all these highlights of history went on side by side with the creation of conditions of living which led to the Southwark that Dickens described with such fidelity, to the horrors of overcrowding and the vile abuses of the workhouse system.

" We must leave the inns, the great hotel quarter of the past, and move on to Layton's Buildings where once stood the Marshalsea Prison, which owes its name most of all to its connections with Dickens—or perhaps one should say, to his connections with it. Nothing of this prison now remains. Dickens described it in *Little Dorrit*, written in 1856, as an oblong pile of barrack buildings, partitioned into squalid houses, standing back to back. The Marshalsea pump referred to in the book is now in the Cuming Museum in the Walworth Road—or it was there, before the war. The Marshalsea was closed down as a prison almost exactly a century ago, in 1842 . . .

" All round this part of the Borough lies the mantle of Dickens, his genius picturing for us the twilight and the gloom of old Southwark, already a place of the past. He himself lived in a back alley in Lant Street nearly opposite the Marshalsea, where his Micawber-like father was incarcerated for debt.

" Number fifty-three Lant Street claims to be the original of the house alluded to by Dickens in *Little Dorrit*. It looked the part before the war—we have not seen if it is standing still—with a notable keystone mask, a deep porch, and opposite, an old little yard with worn cobbles.

* John Bigelow : " Retrospections of an Active Life."
† T. A. Trollope : " What I Remember."

" Surely this same Charles Dickens is well remembered in the Borough that he made peculiarly his own ? In world literature he stands high. In English literature few stand higher, and is it not only reasonable to suppose that he is a hero in his own land, and upon his own hearth ?

" He is not. He is one with William Shakespeare and Dan Chaucer in the respect paid to him by the Borough.

" Is there no pen biting enough, or orator vehement enough, to rouse this English race from the vile stupor in which it snores away its chance of revival ? The habit of understatement, on which the English pride themselves, is not a sign of modesty or restraint. It is a corroding sin, a revelation of stagnation which should shock us into violent action before it is for ever too late. Think of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Dickens, and their background—Southwark !

" There is hardly a part of Southwark that Dickens did not portray. Near the Bricklayer's Arms David Copperfield sold his waistcoat to Mr. Dolloboy for ninepence ; Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller met for the first time at the White Hart on the High Street ; Mr. Micawber and Mr. Dickens senior are one and the same ; and on Lant Street Bob Sawyer tried to practise medicine —fortunately without being able to find any patients. It was at St. George's Church that Little Dorrit was registered, christened, and married—a triple act of possession that has made the church hers ; while a little farther afield, on Jacob's Island in Bermondsey, Bill Sikes came to his well-deserved but horrific end. In *Barnaby Rudge* the Gordon riots are faithfully described, and his article on the public hanging of the Mannings in front of Horsemonger Lane Gaol previously mentioned, drew an immediate, horrified response from the whole nation and ended, once and for all, public executions as a mob spectacle.

" Southwark, as known by Dickens, was a bad place, a sink of shadow and sorrow, vice and filth, ignorance and degradation . . .

" In Harrow Street there used to be a house referred to by Dickens as the Old Farm House. Until his lifetime it had been a farmhouse in open fields, so furious has been the building of the web in the last century. The old place revealed its centuries of age by its dormer windows and external staircase. Tradition said that it once belonged to Queen Anne and Cardinal Wolsey, and W. H. Davies, the tramp poet, lived there for a rental of two shillings per week. Close by is a children's playground called Little Dorrit's Playground.

" The Red House was chosen . . . as the winning-post of many Thames races, at a time when ' the ripe corn waved to and fro ' . . . how pleasant, in its heyday, must have been the Red House. It brings back memories of the famous raven, ' Grip,' immortalised by Charles Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*, for in those days the only communication between shore and shore was by boat, over which that clever bird exercised a sort of tyrany with his cry of ' Ferry ! ' ' Ferry ! '

" The Greyhound, another famous inn, was pulled down some years ago. It was noted as the meeting-place of the Dulwich Club which entertained many famous men, including the poet Campbell, Charles Dickens, Mark Lemon and Thackeray."—" South London," by H. Williams. (Hale.)

* * * * *

FRANCIS YEATS-BROWN

" Charles Dickens was a friend of Timothy Yeats-Brown's and one of the earliest memories of Y.B's father and uncle was of hearing the famous writer's rendering of his ' Christmas Carol ' to a select circle specially invited to meet him. This, by the way, was believed by the family to be the first occasion on which Dickens read his works aloud outside his own house. Y.B's uncle Fred thus describes the scene : ' His (Dickens's) table was placed near the door leading from the middle drawing room and on it stood a reading lamp, a glass of water and a bag of raisins—this at his request. The guests sat all round the room, which was lighted by a large Venetian glass chandelier hanging from the ceiling with wax candles.' Y.B. relates that his father told him that the novelist was extremely nervous and insisted that no one should sit behind him."—" Francis Yeats-Brown, 1886-1944," by J. E. Wrench. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

* * * * *

RUSKIN

" . . . it was . . . flattering to be noticed by the ancient [Samuel] Rogers. Still a regular diner out and, as Maclise was to say to Frith later at a Royal

Academy banquet, when he saw him descend the stairs leaning upon Dickens' arm, 'so old that Death seemed to have forgotten him,' Rogers still retained a unique position in the literary, artistic and political worls. . . . Dickens had sent him *Nicholas Nickleby* in 1839, and later requested the 'earnest and lasting gratification of dedicating to him *Master Humphrey's Clock*.'

"There are many to whom his [Millais's] work will seem a pictorial blasphemy. Great imitative talents have been perverted to the use of an eccentricity both lamentable and revolting.' 'The Times' also found it ['Christ in the House of His Parents'] 'to speak plainly,' both revolting and disgusting: while Dickens, in *Household Words*, out of loyalty to his academic friends, who he was persuaded were being attacked by this juvenile revolution against contemporary standards, wrote a diatribe so humourless, so abusive, and so mercilessly unjust that, as the outraged Mrs. Millais said when she read it later, he might have remembered the reception that had been accorded to his first works when he was young and unknown.

"Meantime, an opposition for his [Governor Eyre defence was formed by Tennyson, Kingsley and Dickens, warmly supported by Carlyle and Ruskin.

"Yet his [Ruskin's] attack [on Whistler] was certainly no fiercer than those frequently made in journalistic art criticism: it was no fiercer than had, in the past, been made against Turner; it was no fiercer than that which such eminent men as Dickens had, in their early years, made upon the young Millais and Hunt."—"Ruskin, the Great Victorian," by D. Leon. (Routledge.)

* * * * *

"'Adelaide Procter . . . was exceedingly humorous,' wrote Charles Dickens, 'and had a great delight in humour. Cheerfulness was habitual with her. She was very ready at a sally or a reply, and in her laugh (as I remember well) there was an unusual vivacity, enjoyment and sense of drollery.'"—"Barbara Bodichon, 1827-1891," by Hester Burton. (Murray.)

* * * * *

"The earliest imprinted jacket found thus far by the Book Jacket Designers Guild is one made in London for Dickens's *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870)."—The New York Times Book Review, May 22nd, 1949.

* * * * *

"But as the self grows stronger and harder, and exclusive possessions feed our selfishness, the impulse to share is checked, generosity becomes an effort, and we destroy community, and with it our greater happiness, by our growing miserliness. We applaud the moral of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*; but most of us comfortable people are Scrooges without knowing it, and often go through a whole year without tasting the pleasure of sharing a meal with a really hungry neighbour."—"The Values of Life," by E. J. Urwick. (Univ. of Toronto Press.)

* * * * *

"Mr. Chadband does not rank high among the world's moralists, but the method he employed in seeking a definition of 'truth' was unexceptional. He selected, indeed, illustrations of an unusual character, but he tested them one by one to eliminate erroneous conceptions: 'If the master of this house was to go forth into the city and see an eel, and was to come back, and was to call unto him the mistress of this house and was to say, "Sarah, rejoice with me, for I have seen an elephant!" would that be Terewth?'"—"Conscience and its Problems," by K. E. Kirk. (Longmans.)

* * * * *

". . . at the beginning of September, the Prince spent four days at Boulogne with the Emperor. . . . Dickens, who was at Boulogne finishing off *Hard Times*, saw them riding through Boulogne and in response to his greeting the Emperor took off his cocked hat and the Prince raised his plumed field-marshal's head-dress. Dickens thought that they were jogging along in the pleasantest way and he noted that they were talking extremely loudly about the view.

"Birkbeck Hill, the accomplished editor of Johnson, thought that praise of the Prince and his virtues ought to have been made a felony, and that the nation should recover from its amazement 'at the astonishing discovery that even princes die.' Dickens—vexed at having to abandon his series of very profitable but vainglorious declamations from his own books—wrote with characteristic waspishness, 'What Jackasses people are making of themselves over this death!'"—"The Prince Consort," by Roger Fulford. (Macmillan.)

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

One Hundred and Eighty-five Pounds Five Shillings.—Dickens Fellowship Costume Department.
Fifty Pounds.—M. Le Comte de Suzannet.
Sixteen Pounds Ten Shillings.—Sale of books.
Sixteen Pounds Two Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. Carden (sale of books).
Eleven Pounds Six Shillings.—Mr. J. Greaves (lectures and recitals).
Ten Guineas.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Beckett.
Seven Pounds.—Blackburn Branch (Branch £5. Miss Watson 10*s.*, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. E. Hamm 10*s.*, Mr. and Mrs. John Lund 10*s.*, Mrs. Astley Walsh 5*s.*, Mrs. Darkin 5*s.*).
Six Pounds.—Mrs. Pool (raffle of coffee cloth).
Five Pounds Fifteen Shillings.—Broadstairs Branch, £5 5*s.*, Mrs. Bathurst, 10*s.*
Five Guineas.—Mr. Philip Maguire, Mr. Leslie C. Staples (B.B.C. Television).
Five Pounds Three Shillings.—Mrs. Bacon (bulb raffles).
Five Pounds.—Miss Greatwood and Miss Minards (whist drive for St. Pancras Branch. Wellington Branch. Shrewsbury Branch.
Three Pounds Eighteen Shillings and Sixpence.—St. Pancras Branch (raffles and sale of photographs).
Three Pounds Seven Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. Spiller (sale of books).
Three Pounds Five Shillings.—Pittsburgh Branch.
Three Pounds.—Mr. Lewis A. Hird.
Two Pounds Eight Shillings Fivepence.—Winnipeg Branch.
Two Guineas.—Miss Elsie Gibbons (in memory of Miss Doris Mann), Mr. R. Hillery (Nottingham), Mr., Mrs. and Miss Laker,
Two Pounds.—Mr. Mostyn Harper.
One Pound Fourteen Shillings.—Miss Elsie M. Jones (bulb raffle).
One Pound Thirteen Shillings and Sixpence.—Anon.
One Pound Ten Shillings.—Birmingham Branch.
One Pound Seven Shillings and Sixpence.—Miss W. Matz (raffle).
One Pound Five Shillings.—Miss D. Day (raffle).
One Guinea.—Mr. F. C. Creak, Miss A. P. Crossland, Mr. W. Danemann (Southend), Miss Shepheard (St. Pancras, in memory of Mrs. Bennett).
One Pound.—Miss H. Blake (sale of toy), Mr. T. V. Brewer (raffle), Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Clausen, Mrs. Creek (sale of toys).
Fourteen Shillings.—Miss K. P. Skinner, Mr. W. E. Jones (Pittsburgh).
Thirteen Shillings.—Mr. and Mrs. Yvon Hawkes.
Ten Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. Bacon (St. Pancras raffle), Mrs. Chappell, Miss May S. Jeffery.
Ten Shillings.—Anon., Mr. Gibbons Close (per Mr. F. S. Baker of Birmingham), Mr. E. A. Potter (Manchester).
Nine Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. Eleanor Wright.
Six Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. C. W. Youell.
Six Shillings.—E. Thompson (Victoria).
Four Shillings.—Mr. and Mrs. George Wharton.
Two Shillings.—Mrs. Seward, Prof. W. Erlam Smith.
One Shilling and Sixpence.—Miss I. M. Purnell.
Two Dollars Ninety-five Cents.—Mr. C. D. Porch.
Total to date, £4,663 17*s.* 11*d.*

DICKENSIANA

Oliver Twist. Extraits présentés par S. Monod. Classiques Hachette.
"Dickens and America." Rich. D. Altick. *The Pennsylvania Mag.*, July.
"A Tale of Two Cities." Jack Lindsey. *Life and Letters To-day*, September.
"Was Edwin Drood Murdered?" (1) R. M. Baker. *The Trollopian*, September.

Numerous reviews of Hesketh Pearson's *Life of Dickens*, of which that by Robert Lynd in *John o' London's Weekly* for August 19th is specially recommended.

NEW BOOKS

OLIVER TWIST IN THE NEW OXFORD DICKENS

Oliver Twist is the latest volume to be added to the New Oxford Dickens which is far and away the best available edition now in print, despite the fact that only five titles are so far available. In this latest addition the illustrations of Cruikshank, among his finest work, are reproduced with admirable clarity and are equal to the earliest impressions of the original plates. The Introduction to this volume has been written by Humphry House and is one of the most valuable of the series, presenting as it does, a vivid and detailed picture of the social conditions prevailing in the England described in the novel. It should be read in conjunction with Mr. House's masterly *The Dickens World*. Oxford University Press, 8*s*. 6*d*.

THE ADOLESCENT AT SCHOOL

This interesting volume is composed of accounts of educational experiments being carried out in several countries. That which interests us in this place is the one being undertaken at the Secondary School for Physically Handicapped Boys at Manor Lane School, in S.E. London, which is described by E. F. E. Jefferson and G. J. Turpin. It had been found that a school play, although successful enough in itself, had benefited only the performers and a project was sought which would embrace the activities of the entire school. The search led to Dickens and scenes from *The Old Curiosity Shop* were selected for performance and the curriculum so arranged that "as far as possible, all school activities should have a bearing on this main purpose." Dickens's life story was studied, visits made to the Dickens House and other places associated with him and a lot of other introductory work accomplished The preparatory work for the play itself employed as many boys as possible—building the stage, the puppet stage used by Codlin and Short, down to the designing and printing of the programme. The impressive result was recorded in these pages (1948, p. 116). The Dickens Fellowship was privileged to assist this notable experiment in a variety of ways and the book under review pays generous and detailed tribute to its efforts. Heinemann, 10*s*. 6*d*.

A YEOMAN OF KENT

Every Dickens lover who makes a pilgrimage to that heart of Dickensland, Rochester and district, is charmed by the village of Cobham. The Leather Bottle, the retreat of the lovelorn Tupman and the scene of Mr. Pickwick's archaeological discovery, is of course largely responsible, but the whole village and its setting is recognised to be a delightful place in which to linger. Dickensians will therefore welcome a charming little book about it by Ralph Arnold, who wrote *The Hundred of Hoo*, reviewed here in 1948, p. 98. It is really an account of an eighteenth-century villager who left a diary behind him, and a very interesting one it is, but the village is minutely and lovingly described. Mr. Arnold himself lives in Cobham and his devotion to the village is apparent on every page. The book is copiously illustrated with a series of very beautiful photographs. Constable, 12*s*. 6*d*.

REMINISCENCES OF A RASCALLY LAWYER

The long-expected memoirs of Mr. J. Ingram Dawson, the Barnard Castle solicitor, have appeared with this delightful title and very readable they are. It is difficult not to feel some disappointment that, after all, Mr. Dawson has very little that is new to tell us about the Yorkshire schools which Dickens attacked in *Nicholas Nickleby*, but that little is welcome and is gladly added to our previous knowledge of the subject.

Wilson (Kendal, Westmorland), 12*s*. 6*d*.

L.C.S.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—Work has recently begun on the preparation of a new edition of Dickens's letters. The publishers will be Messrs. Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd., to whom the rights in both the Nonesuch Press edition of the collected letters and the book called *Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens* have been granted. In addition to this, the project has the full support of the Dickens family, together with permission to use all available new material. The Dickens Fellowship is already giving its active help.

An Advisory Board has been formed, consisting of Professor John Butt, of King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, Mr. Henry C. Dickens, O.B.E., Mr. Rupert Hart-Davis, Mr. A. N. L. Munby, Fellow and Librarian of King's College, Cambridge, Mr. Leslie C. Staples (Editor of *The Dickensian*), Count de Suzannet and Mr. James Thornton. I have accepted the work of editing the letters, with Mr. K. J. Fielding as my assistant.

To make the edition as complete and accurate as possible (for the Nonesuch edition is in neither respect perfect) we are anxious to trace not only unpublished autograph letters of Dickens but also the originals of letters already in print, either whole or in part.

We therefore ask all private owners, and librarians, who have charge of Dickens manuscript letters if they will kindly inform us, in general or in detail, of what they have in their possession. At this stage we are not asking for originals or transcripts or photographs to be sent, but we propose to write later direct to libraries and owners for permission to make or check transcripts in whatever way seems most convenient.

We particularly want to trace the present ownership and location of letters which we know to exist only from sale catalogues and similar sources. To this end any information, even the slightest clue, about changes of ownership would be welcome.

It is well known that there are Dickens letters lurking in small private collections of autographs, etc., and we should be most glad to hear from those who may own or have news of any.

Will all correspondents please write to me, c/o Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd., 53 Connaught Street, London, W.2 ?

HUMPHRY HOUSE.

Wadham College, OXFORD.
14th November, 1949.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page. Press cuttings are not acceptable.

ST. PANCRAS

THE new season opened in October with a well-attended meeting at which the retiring President, Mr. J. Greaves, installed his successor, Miss R. Smith-Rose, and wished her the happiness in office which he had himself enjoyed. In thanking Mr. Greaves for his welcome, and the members their enthusiastic reception, Miss Smith-Rose asked him to explain to the meeting the plans approved by the committee for the Branch's response to the appeal of the Hon. Treasurer for the Dickens House Endowment Fund. A target of £80 had been accepted and Mr. Greaves presented a clever pictorial indicator which would be kept up to date at meetings. The President then followed with her inaugural address for which she chose to speak on *David Copperfield*, giving an exposition of that book which proved very much to the taste of her listeners. Mr. Percy Merriman illustrated her talk by delightful renderings of the letters of Micawber and David's courtship of Dora. The Hon. Secretary reported that the previous season had been highly successful in every way and an excellent programme arranged for the new one, which included a Birthday Dinner at which the guest of the evening would be Captain R. C. D. Shuckburgh, M.C. The secretary also alluded to the recent death of Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning, who for many years had been a source of great strength to the Branch and would be sorely missed.

A. N.

GUILDFORD

THE Guildford Branch entered its second year on October 6th at the town's reference library, when Mr. T. S. Lascelles gave an address of absorbing interest on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Reviewing the previous year's activities at the Annual General Meeting, the Chairman, Miss M. D. Liggett, said she thought members would agree that they had provided entertainment, variety and instruction. They had been most fortunate in their visiting speakers (Miss Minards, Mr. J. Greaves), whilst at least half of the programme had been provided amongst themselves, which she considered to be a very healthy sign. Miss Liggett paid tribute to the interest and enthusiasm shown by a young member of the committee, Mr. Kenneth Payne, and to Miss Chard, who delighted members last year with a lecture on Dickens's illustrators. Mr. A. J. B. Green was re-elected President, with Miss Liggett (Chairman), Mr. A. Pheby (Secretary), Mr. H. Sutcliffe (Treasurer), and a Committee comprising Mr. C. E. Maisey, Mr. K. J. Payne, Miss M. Perridge, Mrs. D. L. Francis and Miss J. Mcniece.

L. W. B.

WOLVERHAMPTON

THE past year has been one of steady progress commencing with a very successful Christmas Party. A programme of readings was held in January and a Birthday Party in February. At the March meeting Mr. Herbert Willard, of Birmingham, gave an excellent Dickens Recital, and the Annual General Meeting took place in April when a committee and officers were elected. In June a delightful afternoon was spent at Wightwich Manor, the home of our President, Sir Geoffrey Mander, and another in July at Moseley Old Hall. The new season opened, in October, with a discussion on *David Copperfield*, and later the Y.M.C.A. Drama Group presented some admirable sketches from Dickens. It is confidently expected that the winter will see further excellent progress.

N. R.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Cooper Sands, of Nottingham, on the occasion of their Golden Wedding, which they celebrated on September 7th last.

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Two Antipodean Branches have recently been brought into the closest relationship by a most happy circumstance. Mr. Wm. T. Haydon, the Hon. Secretary of the Auckland (N.Z.) Branch, while spending a holiday in Brisbane, married Miss L. Gray, of the local Branch of the Dickens Fellowship, on June 7th. In making a presentation on behalf of the members, the President, Dr. Hamlyn Harris, expressed a wish that this link would bind the two branches even more closely together. That desire will be heartily supported throughout the Fellowship, and the heartiest congratulations and good wishes follow Mr. and Mrs. Haydon to Auckland.

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The following overseas members are offered a hearty welcome to England : Mrs. Willshire, of Vancouver, Miss Sylvia Christie, of Toronto, Miss Lyn James, of Brisbane, and Mr. H. C. Maple, of Winnipeg.

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The thanks of the entire Fellowship are offered to the following retiring Secretaries : Mr. Jerome W. Howe (Worcester, Mass.), Miss E. A. Darkin (Gloucester), Mr. Tom Farrar (Rugby), and Mrs. E. S. Kahler (Palos Verdes) ; and their successors are asked to accept congratulations and good wishes upon their election : Mrs. H. Donaldson Jordan (Worcester, Mass.), Mr. H. Smith (Gloucester), Mrs. W. E. Edginton (Rugby), and Mrs. Carrie Parsons (Palos Verdes).

* * * * *

With deep regret we record the death of :

Dr. WALLACE W. ATWOOD, Worcester, Mass.
EDGAR BEASLEY (Hon. Treas.), Cheltenham.
Mrs. J. CAWTHORNE, Nottingham.
Mrs. AMY BERTS CROSS, Palos Verdes.
DUDLEY ELWES, London.
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Tues., Dec. 6—"David and Dickens," Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson.

Fri., ,, 16—Christmas Party, Bonnington Hotel. Tickets: 10/6, including refreshments.

Tues., Jan. 17—"Costume in Dickens," Mrs. Mary Giles (Nottingham).

Tues., Feb. 7—Birthday Dinner, Dorchester Hotel. Guest of Honour, Sir Thomas Beecham, Bt. Tickets: 21/- inclusive.

Sun., ,, 12—Annual Dickens Service, Southwark Cathedral, 6-30 p.m.

Fri., ,, 17—Birthday Recital: "A Hundred Years Ago," Mr. John Greaves.

All meetings, unless otherwise stated, will be held at the Swedenborg Hall, 20/22 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1., at 7 p.m.

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